Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1664.

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THE BYSTANDER, NOVEMBER 6, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, November 6, 1935

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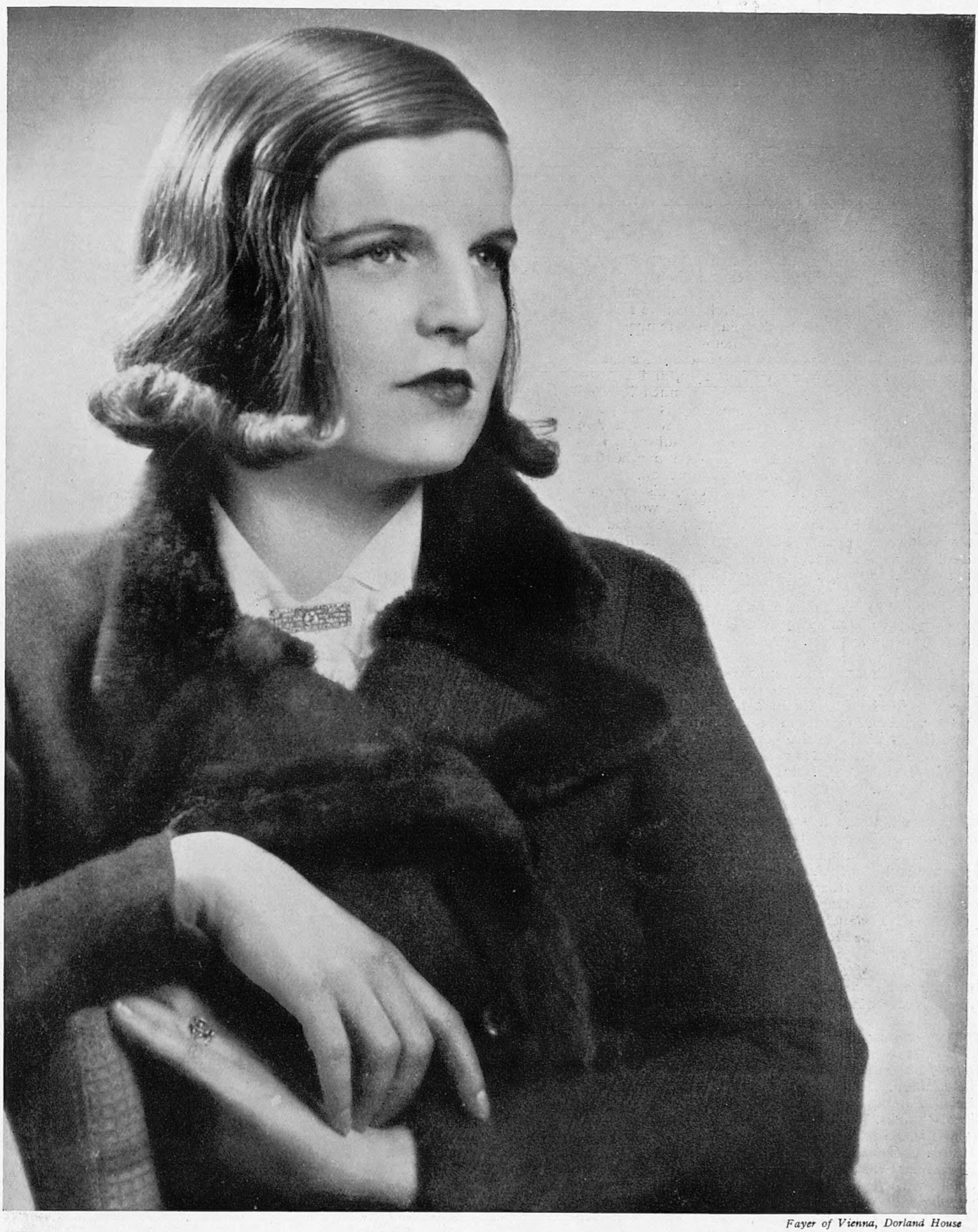
The BYSTANDER



Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

The Lady Alington

Lady Alington is one of the enormous committee that Miss Olga Lynn has collected to help with the Versailles Ball, and will appear in the Marie Antoinette pageant with practically everyone else in the social round who is anyone or looks anything. The Ball is at Halkin House on December 10th, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. Lady Alington is the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury's eldest daughter, married Lord Alington in 1928 and has one daughter of six. Her sister, Lady Dorothea Ashley Cooper, married Capt. Anthony Head last summer

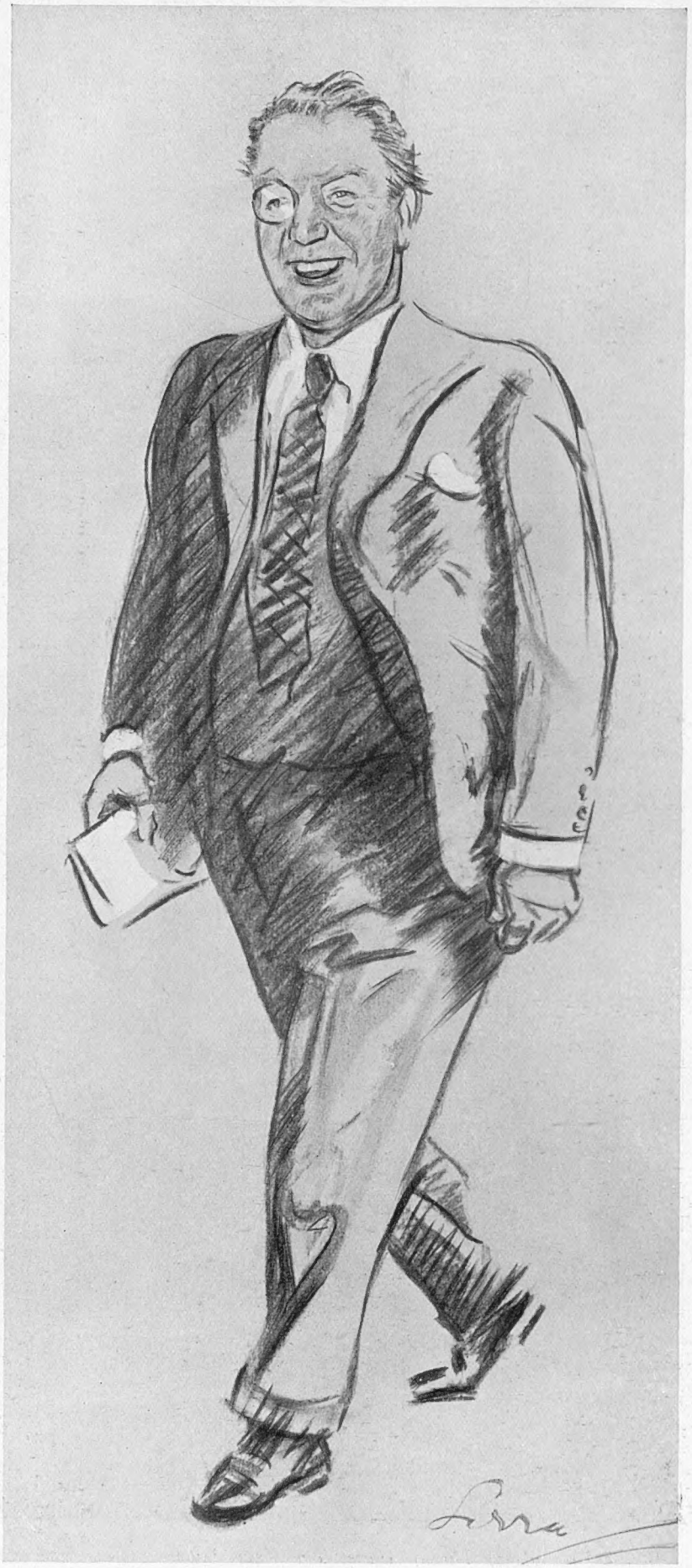
CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 127

Richard Tauber

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra



RICHARD TAUBER, at the age of forty-four, is fitter than he has ever been in his life. Diana Napier, his fiancée, has cut him off beer, bread and sausages, with the result that he has lost two stones in weight and is less liable to temperatures and temperaments than ever before. Even before her advent into his life he always stopped smoking cigars three days before a concert tour, and had the self-control to keep away from them until its conclusion. To-day his only bugbear is sweating. Sweating is bad for his throat, and may even give him a cold. That is why he avoids railway trains when possible—for fear they may be overheated. A snowstorm does not worry him at all. Being genuinely astigmatic in his right eye, his eyeglass is not worn merely for ostentation. ("I would give many pounds if I must not use it.") Cautious in all business matters, he refuses to go to Hollywood until he knows what he will play, with whom he is to play, and why. Most of you who went to the Plaza last week will be surprised to know that the scenes in which he appears were all made in England although *The Broadcast of 1936* is an American film.

RICHARD TAUBER never shaves himself if he can help it, but talks all the time the razor is at work. He sings loudly in his bath every morning. Wine has never interested him. Cigarettes he abhors. And if he had the choice between a bed and a grand piano he would always choose the latter. He is an excellent composer, but London has not yet heard his operetta. His favourites among the great musicians are Mozart and Schubert, though his best friend, Franz Lehar, and Puccini suit his voice best. His father was producer-in-chief at the Opera House at Chemnitz, in Saxony, and refused to believe that he had any future as a singer. So at the age of nineteen young Richard was a conductor at Frankfort. His first stage appearance anywhere was in *The Magic Flute* at Chemnitz. From there he went straight to the Royal Opera House at Dresden. London theatregoers first made his acquaintance in *The Land of Smiles*, four years ago, since when his name has always been associated with "You Are My Heart's Delight."

EVERY year he goes to Salzburg to see his mother, who is now eighty-nine. He himself has no home, unless it is the Hyde Park Hotel when he is in London. In the provinces, whenever he has finished a big concert, he goes straight off to the local "flicks." Making films appeals to him, too. There is, he feels, less responsibility about the need for his presence in the studio at any given moment. (I wonder what his directors think of this?) His chief mannerism is a habit of taking your arm, and he is really very friendly with everyone. By the way, he was born at Linz, and is therefore an Austrian.

Young-Marrieds At Home

Mr. and Mrs. Alec Hambro in Hampshire

Mrs. Hambro and Alexandra, Her Baby Daughter

MR. and MRS. ALEC HAMBRO live on the borders of Hampshire and Dorset, at Throop House, Holdenhurst, not far from Alec Hambro's father, Captain Angus Hambro, and Mrs. Hambro's brother, Cecil Beaton. She was Baba Beaton, is Mr. E. W. H. Beaton's younger daughter, and Lady Smiley's sister. She and her husband had one of the few modern long engagements—a two-year one—during part of which Mr. Hambro was abroad. They got married just a year ago at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Alexandra Mary, their small daughter, was christened two weeks back, with Lady Malmesbury, Lady Violet Powell, Lord Hopetoun, and Frank Stanley Clarke as godparents

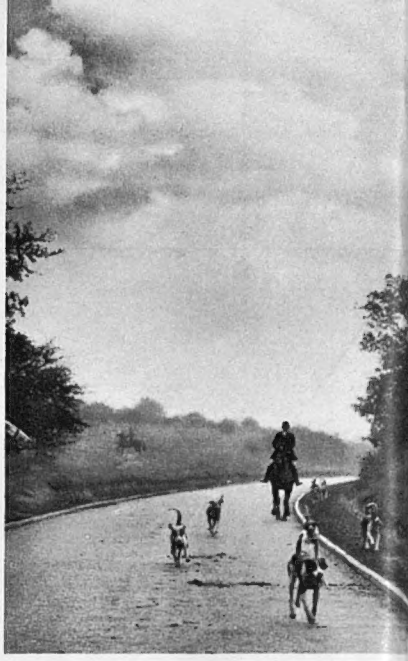
Photographs by Swaebe

In the Grounds of Throop House There's a Lake

The End of Newbury's Flat Racing

The Hon. Arthur Somerset, Lord Raglan's uncle, and Mrs. Thomas Lonsdale were at the October meeting at Newbury. Arthur Somerset's daughter is Mrs. Leo Lonsdale

Mr. John Christian, Miss Vivienne Baker, and Miss Mary Christian were at the same meeting. Miss Mary Christian and her brother are niece and nephew of Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell



Cub-

This early-morning bit of sport was when they had one of the last of their cub- and moved off towards Dunstable. This foxes, and the season starts seriously

Call It An Out-of-Door Roundabout

Hunting, Shooting, Racing, and Electioneering

Above: Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke walking round together at the Newbury meeting

Right: the Hon. Mrs. Simon Elwes and her husband had the campaign explained to them by Major-Gen. Russell Lucock when they were shooting with Major Ralph Sidebottom at Rothamsted, Hertfordshire

"They'll Come Over From There"

Right: Miss Angela Ramsden-Jodrell, Colonel Burns Hartopp, and Miss Sophie Trafford went to the Newmarket Sales before the Cambridgeshire last Wednesday

Hunting in Hertfordshire

with the North Hertfordshire hunting meets at Whipsnade week cubs are promoted to with a score of opening meets

Scottish Family Contingent

Lord and Lady Linlithgow's five children were all out at the local opening meet — Lady Doreen Hope, Lord John Hope, Lady Anne Hope, Lord Hopetoun, and Lady Joan Hope

Right: the Hon. Margaret and the Hon. Helen Ward, Lord and Lady Bangor's two younger daughters, were out with the County Down Staghounds when they met at Derryboy

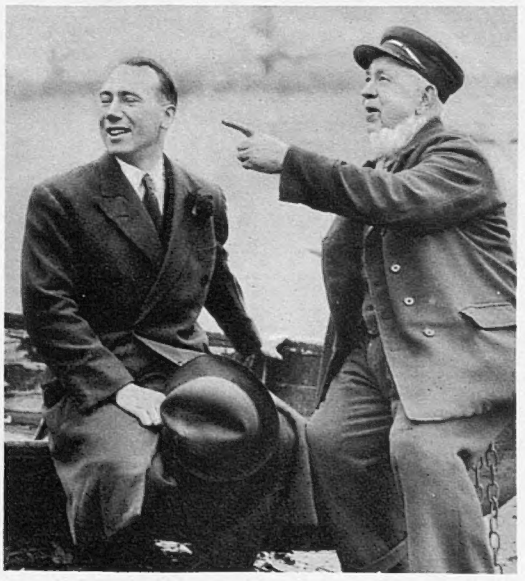
Irish Sisters

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wallace went down to Cobham Park in Kent for the Curly Retriever Club's field trials. Mrs. Wallace did loader for her husband, who is one of the best shots of the younger generation

Liberal Canvassing on Washing Day

Above, right: Mr. J. Seymour Spen, the Liberal candidate for North Kensington, went to the length of taking off his coat, rolling up his sleeves, and getting his hands into the wash-tub on one of his canvassing calls. He's got Conservative and Labour opponents to cope with

Right: Mr. Harold Mitchell has Thomas A. Wapshott, a seventy-five year-old Chiswick boatman, as one of his constituents, and they had a nice riverside "quack" together one morning last week. Mr. Mitchell was elected Conservative M.P. for Brentford and Chiswick in 1931



Thames-Side Politics

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

THE Embassy Club has quite come into its own again. Even on non-extension nights it is gay, very chic and pretty full, while on Thursdays it 's packed out. It says much for the management of the place that this has happened, for there is no cabaret, no "star" band leader, and no one who knows everybody, giving smart parties "on the house."

Flowers in the Hair

LADY TREDEGAR and her brother, Lord Alington, were in a big birthday party there the other night; Lady Marguerite Strickland with her Hepburn fringe and striking good looks; Lady Warwick, whose sparkling beauty was accentuated by a white dress and a white flower in her hair.

Lady Veronica Hornby, who was with her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny, had a whole cluster of white blossoms just over one ear, and extremely becoming it was.

A Comfortable Niche in Hollywood

MRS. JULIE THOMPSON, very elegant in a severely plain black dress, was dancing with Mr. Fitzclarence, who, we hear, has abandoned a film career for real estate business. It seems a pity, when you are blessed with the good looks of the typical Englishman, plus a smile of extraordinary charm. He reminds us in this respect of David Niven, who, after a Jack-of-all-trades career in America during the last two years, has now carved a comfortable niche for himself in Hollywood, and got a contract on the five years' plan with either Mr. Sam or "Mr." Metro-Goldwyn.

Right: Lady Georgiana Curzon's engagement announcement topped the social news last week. She is going to marry Lieut. Home Kidston, R.N., youngest son of the late Captain Glen Kidston, and Lady Windham, of 25, Berkeley Square. He is a brother of the late Glen Kidston, who was killed flying in Africa, and also of Lady Darnley. Lady Georgiana Curzon is Earl and Countess Howe's only daughter; her brother, Lord Curzon, married Priscilla Weigall in the summer

Peter North

Lady Georgiana Curzon

Good Clothes at Newbury

NEWBURY, one of the nicest of all race-meetings, is rarely favoured with good weather, but the last was the exception that proved the rule, and couldn't have been more enjoyable. Lady Willoughby de Broke, who was there with her husband, was one of the best-dressed women we saw on Friday. Under a lovely mink coat, she wore a striped dress, brown, white and cerise stripes, and a cute little hat with a cerise bow on top. We liked, too, Lady Evelyn Beauchamp's brown and red colour scheme, worn with a beige ermine coat, and Lady Grenfell's bright green suit, with a red blouse and jockey cap, got full marks.

Two very pretty girls who went racing that day, were Miss Nan McGowan, also in green and red, and Miss Alicia Browne, in yellow and brown check tweed.

A Rumoured Engagement

STAY-AT-HOME girls who yawn through the day at home and go to a cinema in

Mr. P. Runge and Miss F. Macpherson

Left: Peter Runge, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Runge, of Kippington Court, Sevenoaks, and Fiona Macpherson, elder daughter of Sir Ian and Lady Macpherson, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week

Right: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Symon's daughter was christened at St. Barnabas', Pimlico, is called Mairi, and had the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, Mrs. Smith Grant, and the Hon. Jock Leith as godparents. Mrs. Symon was Myrtle Earle, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. T. A. Earle

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Symon's Daughter is Christened

"Has Left for Geneva"

Mr. Anthony Eden, literally burdened with world affairs (and his umbrella), called at the Foreign Office and 10, Downing Street, before he left for Geneva. He has got a Labour opponent in his Warwick and Leamington constituency, but he had a twenty-nine-thousand majority in 1931

the afternoon, probably envy a pretty, energetic young woman like Bridget Smith-Dorrien. She goes racing on every possible opportunity, and works really hard in a hat-shop near Claridge's. She is capable and businesslike, and has a face that can sell any hat by just putting it on. We saw her last Tuesday evening, covered with bags and packages, her beloved dachshund on a string, just leaving the shop and off to Newmarket for the big race the next day.

Mrs. Colclough, whose engagement is rumoured, was there buying hats with brims. She is very, very pretty, and has been much missed around Mayfair since she became a devotee of the country life.

Good-bye, Good-bye!

News of departures of well-known people crop up day by day. Lord Carnarvon is off to America. Mr. John Drury Lowe will have left for Egypt with his regiment before these words appear. Many broken hearts over this, for "Johnnie" is one of the very nicest bachelors we know.

What *has* happened to Sir Robert Throckmorton? News filters over from New York that he is having the time of his life and won't come back. We shall probably take a trip over and see for ourselves. Mr. and Mrs. Claud Leigh left last week for a flying visit to New York and Chicago. Lord Warwick is in far-away Persia and proceeding to India. We heard of him in Moscow only the other day, where he stayed with one of the few English residents, Lady Muriel Paget.

Some New Caricatures

The new lamps at the Carlton, decorated with Tom Titt's caricatures, are most diverting. The other night we saw a young peer supping there with an out-size version of himself hanging over his head! Sir Anthony Weldon, Lord Portarlington and the Maharanee of Cooch Behar are certainly three of the best.

Heather Thatcher was there that night, looking as sunburnt and cheerful as ever. People always say that off the stage she is "so unlike an actress." We don't quite know what that means, but Heather is a charming person and always the same. No moods, tantrums or exhibitions of temperament, she gives you the impression of great common sense, combined with enjoyment of life. She lives in a high-up flat in Sloane Street, where she sun-bathes on her roof-garden, and is devoted to two engaging fox-terriers.

Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir Depart

Left: the new Governor-General of Canada, his wife, and his son, the Hon. Alastair Buchan, left London by the Duchess of Richmond boat-train for Ottawa. It's still hard work to remember "Tweedsmuir" has replaced "John Buchan," but as an author we can still call him that

Below: Captain the Hon. E. A. FitzRoy and his wife are staying with Lord Hillingdon, at Wakefield Lodge, Pottersbury, during the Election. The Speaker, having issued his election address, takes no further part in the battle, but has a formidable array of speakers coming to help him in Daventry

Highbrows at Islington

Sadler's Wells has an atmosphere entirely its own. The regular audience, devoted to opera and the ballet, are good judges of a worth-while production, and nothing "out Islington way" gets much applause unless it is merited. Mr. Geoffrey Toye's ballet, *Douanes*, had a rapturous reception last Tuesday night, the other great success being *Façade*, the last item on the programme. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell we saw in the stalls with Lady Bridget Parsons, Lady Headfort, Lord Fitzwilliam, Miss Dorothy Dickson, Mr. Nicholas de Molas (another departure for the U.S.A.), and Mr. Ronald Balfour (receiving congratulations on his beautiful wife's "gift" of a second daughter). All these we saw, both at the theatre and afterwards at Mr. Toye's flat, where we had supper. He told us that the ballet we had just seen was dedicated to Eugene Goossens, who inspired it. Next month Mr. Goossens will return the compliment by having the overture to *Douanes* played as a concert piece at a concert in Cincinnati, and Mr. Geoffrey Toye is travelling to America in order to be present at the performance. The choreography is by Ninette de Valois.

Two Deserving Charities

On Wednesday, November 13th, the Graphic Arts fancy-dress dinner-dance takes place at the Dorchester. It is in

The Speaker and His Wife

GOING OUT TO GOINGS - ON (Continued)

aid of printers' pensions, and everyone who values their morning paper should give a helping hand to the men who really put your paper on your breakfast tray, by taking tickets. It should be a grand party, Mr. André Charlot is organising a midnight cabaret, you will dance to Jack Jackson's band, and win a prize if you happen to wear the best fancy dress.

On the same day (busy, we are), but between three and six, there 's the League of Mercy bridge - party at Grosvenor House. It had to be postponed from the 6th because of the Royal wedding. The organisers generously allow a prize to each table, and Princess Marie Louise is presenting them.

Lady Mary's New Fringe

Two first-nights on Wednesday divided the regulars among the audience. At the Globe we saw *Call It a Day*, by the authoress of *Autumn Crocus*, with an enormous cast, headed by Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and Marie Löhr in a much-too-small part. Valerie Taylor, who plays an upsetting actress-vamp, was supping at the Savoy Grill afterwards in an original black and white striped dress. The Ranee of Pudakota and her son were in a box, Lady Caroline Paget and Mr. Jack Wilson we spotted in the stalls.

Rex Evans, the star of the other première, was also at the Savoy, and Mrs. Simone Goldman, one of the best-dressed women in London, in a divine long purple dress. Lady Mary Lygon, with a new fringe and a blue hair-ribbon, and Lady Cunard, in a round fur toque, were others we saw.

Playground of Play-boys

AFTER vanishing for two years, the Florida mermaid is to reappear again. We 're glad, for that mysterious tank and the blonde apparition seemed part and parcel of the most famous of all night haunts.

Other bottle-parties spring up like mushrooms. Some are closed in less than a month, others flourish for a season, but the old Florida is always full, always fun, and has an atmosphere that makes loss of sleep seem worth while. It is the particular playground of " Les Girls," and since the Dorchester started its American Cabaret two years ago there is never a night when you won't find some of these spoilt " starlets " supping there with their peers, orchestra leaders, or a play-boy of sorts.

Frightening, but Useful

ONE of the more serious amusements of the moment is electioneering for our friends. This entails either house-to-house canvassing (if we believe in our charm !) or the more frightening business of making a speech. Any candidate who enlists the assistance of Mr. Vivian Cornelius would be lucky.

In addition to looks and charm he knows what he is talking about, and is deserting a career of " unpaid attaché " in Rome for really serious politics.

Into the Blue

LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY is another extremely good speaker who is much in demand. He was off to the Isle of Ely when we met him at the Savoy one day last week. Talking of politics reminds us of Mr. William Teeling, who disappeared into the blue (in other words, a world trip) about a year ago. There is a clever, serious and charming young man—in order to write a book about out-of-work conditions he thinks nothing of a lorry-jumping, sleeping-out expedition without a penny in his pocket.

MISS PEEPS

Mrs. Anthony Crossley in Her Studio

Mrs. Anthony Crossley is holding her first one-man show next week at the Storran Gallery, in Brompton Road, with a private view on the 12th. Mixed up with this is electioneering for her husband in Stretford, his new constituency, near Manchester. Mrs. Crossley has worked in Paris, at the Slade, and for two winters with Vladimir Polunin. Her husband is Sir Kenneth Crossley's son, and she was Clare Thomson

Gitta Alpar

Left : the lovely blonde Gitta Alpar is the star of the new Dubarry film, " I Give My Heart," and went to see a special show of it at the Regal, where it will soon be in the programme

Right : Ronald Balfour and Mrs. Fleitmann were in the packed audience at Sadler's Wells for the first performance of the newly dressed " Douanes," the Geoffrey Toye - de Valois ballet in which Ninette de Valois danced and which Toye conducted

Mr. Ronald Balfour and Mrs. Fleitmann

The Heinemann Party Gave Bloomsbury a Big Night

Mrs. Nicholas Davies and Mrs. Peter Davies are sisters-in-law and talked to each other at the Heinemann party. Mrs. Peter Davies is one of the Ruthven twins, and her husband is the publisher, and a godson of Sir James Barrie

Mr. Frere Reeves is one of the partners in Heinemann's and a host of the evening in the lovely old Bloomsbury house that belongs to the firm. The group of guests with him are Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Palache and Mr. Elliot Wood

London Parties

Restaurant View

Left: Lady Bridget Poulett, with her hair done in these new curls, was dancing at the Café de Paris with Mr. R. Profumo

Rosita Forbes

Right: Rosita Forbes was at the Heinemann "do" with her husband, Col. Arthur McGrath. Her new book, "Women Called Wild," is just out

Committee Refreshments

Left: Lady Jersey and Lady Dufferin and Ava are helping to run the Primrose League Ball, and Lady Dufferin lent her house for a committee meeting last week

Right: H. V. Marrot, Galsworthy's literary executor, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Goring were more Heinemann guests. Michael Goring is a Russian (real name, Goubsky) but writes fine English

Literary Refreshments

Intelligentsia

Portraits of Two Girls With Degrees

THESE two photographs are examples of the clever work of Gerty Simon, a German photographer who has settled in London. She is holding an exhibition of her camera-portraits at the Camera Club in John Street, Adelphi, which Sir John Lavery opened last week

Miss Shiela Grant Duff

Shiela Grant Duff is the youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Adrian Grant Duff and the Hon. Mrs. Grant Duff, and a granddaughter of the first Lord Avebury. She is twenty-two this year, took her degree in Modern Greats at Oxford, and is now turning herself into a journalist

Miss Helen de Mouilpied

Right: Helen de Mouilpied belongs to an old Huguenot family, settled in Guernsey. Her father, Dr. A. C. de Mouilpied is an industrial research scientist. She herself took a first-class degree in the Honours School of History at Oxford, is one of the few women who have spoken in a Union debate, and is now working on the "History of Parliament" under the Rt. Hon. Josiah Wedgwood, the archæologist and historian M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme

Howard Coster

WILLIAM WALTON—TO-NIGHT'S COMPOSER

William Walton's Symphony No. 1 is being given its first complete performance to-night in the B.B.C. concert at the Queen's Hall, Sir Hamilton Harty conducting. The first three movements were played at the Queen's Hall last spring. Walton is outstandingly the most important young English composer, and a new work by him is of first-class musical interest. He is only thirty-three, was born in Oldham, Lancs, started composing at thirteen, took his Mus. Bac. at the House when he was sixteen, and hasn't had a lesson in composition since he was eighteen. His reputation has been made by only some half-dozen works. "Façade" was his first composition to be played in public—in 1922, when Walton was earning his living orchestrating jazz for the Savoy band. His Sonata for Violin and Piano followed (he learnt the violin as a child, and hated the piano), his String Quartet was played at Salzburg in 1923, his Sinfonia Concertante at a Philharmonic Concert in 1927, and his Viola Concerto with Hindemith as soloist and himself as conductor at a 1929 "Prom." His last big work, that amazing drama-in-music for orchestra and choir, "Belshazzar's Feast," made a big sensation at the Leeds Festival of 1931

Norman Parkinson

CLAIRE LUCE—BETWEEN MOSCOW AND NEW YORK

Claire Luce, under the influence of her trip to Russia (she brought the hood and the doll back with her), makes a lovely and demure Slav, and looks a little like Anna Sten. She went out there for the Moscow Theatre Festival, and now has gone on a lightning trip to New York to see some of the fall productions there. After this intensive attack of theatre-going, she's due back here for rehearsals in Cochran's 1936 revue, which he's producing at Manchester before Christmas. Norman Parkinson shows this photograph in his exhibition at his Dover Street studio

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

LISTENING to a speech the other night by "this rugged and kindly, firm and friendly old soldier, Joseph Pétain, Marshal of France"—as Lord Cavan justly introduced him—and remarking that advancing age has not diminished the soldierly resonance of the voice of the Lion of Verdun nor his capacity for dealing in simple, strong reality, we glanced round the room to see how many politicians we could recognise in the assembly. There weren't more than two, so far as we could see. You'd have thought the boys would have seized an opportunity of listening for once in a while to a brief speech by a man of action, utterly devoid of flafla and hugaboo, slop, platitude, flatulence, and fraud. Perhaps they're right in preferring the hothouse atmosphere of their own place, comfortably removed from realities of any kind. We aren't exalting the military type as such. The majority of brass-hats on each side in the last war were as solidly bone-headed as anyone could desire, and probably not more than five per cent. of 'em knew anything of what was going on anywhere at any time. But when you do find a soldier with brains he's worth listening to. Foch, Pétain, Cavan, Monash, the Australian, whose letters have just been published, are obvious examples. And speaking of soldiers with brains, there seemed to be a lot of quite ordinary-looking people at this dinner plastered with glittering orders and bent double by the weight of countless rows of miniature medals. Wearing only a modest four ourselves, like most people, we gazed at these warriors with proper respect. Evidently there were more people in the front line than we ever imagined.

Pubbe

LOOKING round for something else ancient to pull down, those people who pull down ancient harmless things have hit upon the Bells of Ouseley, the riverside pub on the Staines-Windsor road everybody knows. It's said to date from Edward I., and to have been a regular halt for the barge of Queen Elizabeth when that evil crone wanted a quick one. Naturally Dick Turpin hid from the runners in a secret cellar. That boy hid in every olde pubbe from Land's End to John o' Groats, which may explain why he never had time to ride from London to York, as the fable relates. Probably few landlords cared a damn whether Turpin was hiding in their cellars or not, so long as somebody kept an eye on the casks. He was only a common sneak-thief, and can't have spent much money in the bar. What he was doing at the Bells of Ouseley isn't clear, unless he'd previously tried Skindle's and been stung by all those stockbrokers.

Anyway, a modern riverside hotel is going up on the site of this venerable pub, and you know what that means: chromium, glass, diffused lighting, half-crown Martinis, thirty-bob beds, and Somebody's Band. And of course green, well-shaven lawns, in case anybody should want to look at the river. Last time we were in the luxurious cocktail-bar of one of these places we heard two rather glassy gentlemen in plus-fours arguing vaguely as to which river it was. One maintained it was the Thames, the other said that on a Sunday in June it looked to him more like the (hic) Jordan.

Deportment Department

THIS polite anecdote in a New York paper the other day concerning Rafael de Nogales, best-known modern soldier of fortune, pleased us highly: "His observations on the massacres in the Near East caused his Turkish hosts to make several courteous attempts to murder him; efforts which he rejected with equal nonchalance." The nearest approach we know to this mutual display of cool good breeding happened after the capture of J. J. G. ("Stiffy") Hawhough-Hawhough, the Old Hartonian explorer, by the fierce Obobo tribe in the bush north of Kenya last year. The Obobo chief, a fierce-looking savage who, oddly enough, spoke Balliol English, lounged up to Hawhough-Hawhough, who was tied to a tree. The following conversation then took place in cultured, languid tones:

"I say, my chaps want to eat you. D'you mind terribly?"
"Not terribly."
"Would it be a terrible bore if they began after tea?"
"Not a bit."
"Sure you wouldn't mind *frightfully*?"
"No, not frightfully."
"Thanks awfully."

The Obobo chief smiled faintly and strolled away, to return half an hour later. "I say," he drawled, "there's a terrible lot of people apparently coming

"Come on, father!"

" That was a sly jab you got in at Mrs. Featherstone and Colonel Bellamy in the sermon, Vicar "

" Shoo — go away ! This is for the sparrows "

These are just two of the many bright jokes from Frank Ford's new book. " You Needn't Laugh ! " published by Methuen at 7s. 6d.

along to rescue you. Scotch, I think. D'you mind an awful lot ? " " Not an awful lot," said Hawhough-Hawhough languidly. As he spoke a Highland battalion charged through the bush, pipes skirling and kilts flying, bayonetting everybody in sight, and causing great heartburnings and dissatisfaction generally.

" I say," said the officer commanding the battalion to Hawhough-Hawhough after the affray, " you don't mind our not being the Coldstream, do you ? "

" Not terribly," said Hawhough-Hawhough, yawning.

They then untied him, he returned to his palm-leaf hut and dressed for dinner, and a pleasant time was had by all.

On the Knees Down

LORD SANKEY made a very handsome amende on behalf of his profession the other day, we thought. Accepting a presentation in South Wales, he publicly apologised to " all whom I may have abused " during his long career as a barrister. It mightn't be a bad idea if counsel did this ceremonially on the spot. There is a gracious mediæval precedent. Before a citizen was executed the executioner humbly knelt before him and asked his pardon. The modern lawyer who, protected by the judge, flays and scarifies and tortures a helpless witness could easily do the same. Provisional form of words to be recited by K. C. kneeling before witness-box :

" Mr. (Mrs., Miss) N. . . . I am about to make the next twenty minutes hell on earth for you. Taking advantage of my position, I propose wiping the floor with you in fifty-six different positions, and nobody can stop me. If you dare to answer me back the judge will at once award you fourteen days. I am going to be so ruthless, I am going to twist you into so many extraordinary admissions, I am going to play the devil with you in so many different ways that, utterly truthful and upright though you may be, you will appear to this Court a blackhearted liar, imbecile, thief, outcast, runnion, traitor, and vagabond knave. I shall do this because I am being paid a whacking fee for it. If your side were paying me instead I should surround your lightest word with heavenly rays. I am very sorry to have to maltreat you as I am going to, but I have an expensive establishment to keep up in Town, a house in the country, my subscription to the Carlton Club, and various other charges which don't concern anyone but myself. I very humbly ask your pardon, at the same time pointing out that the whole thing is purely fortuitous, and that if the other side's solicitors had any gumption, I might have been your dearest friend and admirer instead of your bitterest enemy. Forgive me, dear Sir (or Madam) ! One has to think of the Dibs."

Wiping his streaming eyes and unclasping his imploring hands, the K.C. then rises with an ominous cough and bustles back to his seat ; and the fun begins.

Antic Hay

SHOULD you wish to drink the health of Guy Fawkes this Tuesday—and many honest men who dislike the House of Commons do—the best place to drink it is the little town of Lewes, in Sussex, where the artless inhabitants continue to hold their annual Fifth of November jamboree careless of advances in historical research since *Little Arthur's History of England*. To students of mob-psychology the Fifth at Lewes is always interesting. Under the influence of brass bands, torches, bonfires, fireworks, and mass-parading, peaceful grocers and stationers turn into very tigers. Fierce light flashes from the amiable pince-nez of the gentlest auctioneer's clerk, the most sheepish hobbledehoys become roaring yahoos, the mildest milkman in Lewes, a town of mild milkmen, would slit your gullet as soon as look at you. Yet all this hullabaloo rests on a highly dubious basis. The more the Gunpowder Plot mystery is pried into the murkier and more sinister it becomes. Did Cecil's agents-provocateurs engineer the whole thing ? It 's possible, considering the incredible crookedness of James I.'s Government. Why — this is also odd, among fifty-six graver problems—does Shakespeare make no reference to the Plot ? Don't trouble to reply in twenty pages of closely-reasoned fumblebumble. You don't know, nor do we. What we do know is that *if* it was Fawkes's plot, and *if* it had come off, he 'd have his statue on Parliament Green with the other big boys. As a wise man of that period thoughtfully remarked—

" Treason doth never prosper—what 's the reason ?
If it doth prosper, none do call it treason."

Clair de Lune

RIGHT in the middle of all our worries about the European situation comes a pamphlet like a bomb from a Mr. Josef Weinberger of Vienna, saying everybody is wrong about the Moon. Those shadows one sees on it aren't cast by any old Mountains of the Moon, Mr. J. Weinberger alleges, heaping scorn on all the professional astronomers in the world. If they were mountain-shadows one would be able to see only a small fraction of them, owing to our angle of vision ; and one doesn't see the solid body of the Moon anyway, but its outer gaseous envelope. We ploughed steadily through Mr. Weinberger's learned reasoning, suspecting his argument might turn out eventually to be connected with the Baconian Cypher, the Pyramids, or the Lost Tribes of British-Israel. But no. There are no Anglo-Saxon straws in the hair of Mr. Weinberger. He 's 100 per cent. lunar.

How do you feel about the Moon, personally ? We admire it very much as a highly decorative sky-lantern, and we admit it does a useful if humdrum job of work with the tides. As you know, it 's owned by the Japanese, who claim it as national property and have written 6,789,546,340 poems to and about it during the last 5000 years. To sleep in full moonlight produces nightmares of a ghastly description, people say. Certainly the Moon has a peculiar influence on werewolves, trolls, madmen, warlocks, vegetarians, and lovers ; as the present Countess of Dudley used to sing—and how deliciously !—at the Gaiety some years ago—

" I 'm such a silly when the moon comes out !
I hardly seem to know what I 'm about."

" And I don't want any with thorns, because she generally bangs me about the head with them "

Big Girls' Corner

GUARDED applause for Mrs. Smallman, recently appointed dress censor by the All-England Women's Hockey Association. Mrs. Smallman will decide when a divided skirt ceases to be a divided skirt and becomes shorts, and shorts will be strictly banned. This reform is long overdue, some people say. Too long has the hockey girl flashed her massive knees at the spectator, driving him half-insane with their awful beauty. We don't frequent women's hockey matches ourselves, but big-game hunters tell us that a thundering down-field charge of hockey girls in shorts, their mighty knees flashing in the winter sun, their deep voices roaring down the wind, is only surpassed as a spectacle of majesty and panic by a stampede of buffalo. Whether the banning of shorts will rob this spectacle of its fearful allure we can't judge. What we don't care for personally in Mrs. Smallman's edict is the unpleasant suggestion of effeminacy which clings to it. Once a hockey girl begins to give way to muliebrity there 's no knowing where she may stop. Her voice may become a soft soprano. Her great knees may lose that gnarled asperity which is the glory of sporting British girlhood. Instead of bellowing " Sticks ! " in a voice which shakes the grandstand, she may begin murmuring it languorously, with downcast eyes, like a French girl. Instead of slapping chaps breezily on the back with a hand like a ham, she may begin stroking their hair and whispering enigmatic—nay, even erotic—words. We know a man who became engaged to a hockey international, chiefly because it filled him with fascinated terror to see her seize a bit of sandpaper and vigorously sandpaper her nose. One day for a joke somebody gave her powdered bath-brick instead. Within a week she was pounding at the door of a beauty salon in Bond Street, shouting, " Hullo, there ! I say, I say, you with the hair, what about a scrub at the jolly old dial ? " We needn't say that her decline into effeminacy after that was rapid.

THE BYSTANDERS.

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 55.—Walter Hackett

SOME dramatists will write one play
That proves the triumph of the day,
And then they softly fade away ;
But Mr. Hackett is not one
Who writes one play and then is done,
For you will note his Thespian sun
Shows not the slightest sign of setting
Since brave new plays he 's still begetting.

In the theatrical *Who 's Who*
Are mentioned thirty-one or two,
But I believe it 's very true
That he has written many more—
Maybe a dozen or a score,
I should not like to say for sure ;
But, anyhow, he 's so prolific
The number must be quite terrific.

He knows his muttons and can hit
Our taste with plays and parts that fit
Miss Lorne like any glove (or mitt),
And " All the Winners " ought to be
His slogan, for it 's clear that he
Succeeds to a pronounced degree—
So when a play 's produced by Hackett,
It 's very, *very* safe to back it !

B. W.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Non-Stop Shakespeare

"Romeo and Juliet"
(New Theatre)

A star-crossed lover looking cross. Laurence Olivier as Romeo

WE have seen *Romeo and Juliet* presented in the Regal-Arboreal manner of His Majesty's Theatre when Sir Herbert was setting an example in florid magnificence which served as a model to the film-producers of a later day, and we have seen the play done in the ultra-modern manner, with Romeo in a gent.'s natty bowler and lavender spats and the balcony represented by a pair of kitchen steps with a potted geranium on the top. John Gielgud's production includes several scenic innovations, notable among them being a penthouse which, set diagonally in the centre of the stage, serves by turn as Juliet's bedroom, the balcony, and the landing leading to her room, while the supporting columns provide an excellent colonnade in the exterior scenes. By the clever use of curtains, first one side of the stage and then the other can be screened to enable a subsequent scene to be set while another is actually in progress. Naturally, this eliminates long and dreary waits between scenes and speeds up the action enormously—which is all to the good. In fact, beauty of design and mechanical efficiency combine in the most harmonious way to effect an artistic, swiftly-moving production.

OF the players, it is the distaff side that carries off the chief honours. Peggy Ashcroft makes of Juliet a girl really young in both years and experience, but who, under the spell of her first love-affairs, blossoms to maturity with all the rapidity of a tropical flower. Here is no slightly smug Juliet in conventional white satin and pearl-embroidered cap declaiming her lines with the mechanical charm of a Principal Girl in a pantomime, but a child whose whole life is bound up in the fortunes of her lover, and whose thoughts and deeds are inspired by a joy that is as overpowering as it is wonderful.

Laurence Olivier, on the other hand, gives us a Romeo whose fervour will not allow him to bathe in the beauty of his speeches. One feels that his one aim is to cut the cackle and come to the 'osses, and even if he is impatient of matching flowery phrase with flowery phrase, it is only because he is more a lover than a poet, for Olivier's Romeo may be star-crossed, but he is certainly not moon-struck.

Juliet (Peggy Ashcroft) may be young, but she certainly knows how to make love

It is round Edith Evans as the Nurse that the play seems to revolve, for her brilliance makes a leading character of a subsidiary one, and—in the jargon of the films—she "steals the picture." Shrewd, kindly, humorous by turns, but a real power behind the throne, she epitomises all the "old nannies" that ever were.

Of the others, John Gielgud makes of Mercutio a fellow whose verbal fireworks cannot hide an inherent kindness of heart, Geoffrey Toone's Tybalt is as truculent a bully as one could never wish to meet, and Frederick Lloyd, as Capulet, shows us a match-making father whose social ambitions would, in a later day, soon make him a J.P. and a credit to any high-class suburb.

Sketches by Rouson

Mercutio (John Gielgud) and Tybalt (Geoffrey Toone) prove that gang-wars are no new thing

Capulet (Frederick Lloyd) admonishes Juliet's nurse, who expresses contemptuous disgust as only Edith Evans can

John Everard

"You're the Top"

Jack Whiting and Diana Ward Sing That Famous Song

The new American partnership at the Palace is just what the song says. Diana Ward, who has taken Jeanne Aubert's place in "Anything Goes," is amusing, attractive, and has an appealing, husky contralto, and she and Jack Whiting, the juvenile lead, so to say, are a well-matched pair. He's American, too, and has a wit of his own and a nice, funny face. "Anything Goes," what with these two, the Cole Porter tunes, and Sydney Howard at his incomparable funniest, can't be beat for entertainment, and ought to run a year

• FILMS of the DAY

Personalities

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Below: after a five years' absence, Elissa Landi is once more making films in this country. Here she is seen with Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, in an incident from "The Amateur Gentleman," which is being made at Elstree by Criterion Productions, Ltd., the new company founded by young Mr. Fairbanks

"The Amateur Gentleman"

"Diamond Jim"

James Buchanan Brady, one of the most colourful of America's figures around the 'Nineties, is the chief character in Universal's "Diamond Jim" (Empire, last week). Edward Arnold, in the name-part, is seen holding conversation and hands with the fair Emma (Jean Arthur)

THE great excitement last week in critical circles was the reappearance of Paula Wesseley on the screen in London. Graduating from the legitimate stage in Austria, where she had attained considerable renown, she had a spectacular success, both on the Continent and in England, in her first film, *Maskerade*; and became, instanter, the critics' favourite film actress.

Her latest film, *Episode*, has been specially written for her and is directed by Walter Reisch, who was responsible for *Maskerade*. It is quite evidently a studious exploitation of Paula Wesseley's particular talents, and, as such, will delight her admirers.

I AM quite sure that one of the chief factors in the enthusiasm she arouses is reaction against the "glamorous" Hollywood ladies and the over-magnificent productions in which they appear. The film world is a world apart. We watch the gambits and temperamental exhibitions of its denizens with awe, admiration, and incredulity. Their lives, their houses (particularly their bathrooms) on the screen, and, if the film gossip sheets can be believed, off the screen, are as different from the environment and experience of the average man and woman as the daily existence of the Martians.

Therefore, when we are confronted with a screen across which move quite ordinary-looking men and women, and we gaze with wonder at an actress who is neither platinum nor a red-head, whose mouth is not painted to resemble Whimsical Walker's, whose eyelids are not loaded with kohl and two-inch eyelashes matted with mascara, who neither languishes, gushes, nor storms, but speaks and acts in a natural and unaffected way, the surprise and relief are so great that the phenomenon is hailed as genius.

This is what happened in the case of Leni Riefenstahl and Elisabeth Bergner, who both, I think, have greater claim to the epithet than Fräulein Wesseley. But it is evident that the naturalistic method is popular in this country. Although not realists as the French are, we like—at any rate occasionally—to feel the possibility of approach to screen and stage characters and mental and emotional participation in their vicissitudes.

IF you do not know Paula Wesseley's work, you should see *Episode*. Her acting and her appearance are the exemplification of ordinariness. The story is not realistic—it is psychologically incredible—but by means of her sincerity of attack, and the smoothness of her changes of mood and voice, Paula Wesseley makes of the heroine a real, and therefore a sympathetic, character.

The venue is post-war Vienna during the inflation, when the chief problem of the bourgeoisie was financial. Paula plays the part of an art student whose mother's fortune has gone in the crash. To protect the old lady from the knowledge she accepts financial aid from an elderly married dilettante who protests, almost too loudly, that his interest is platonic and paternal, and in return he wants only her friendship and occasional examples of her work. This part is excellently played by Carl Ludwig Diehl, and the occasional suggestion of lapse from the purely platonic address towards the affectionate caress, is subtly done.

This situation does not generally work out so happily in real life. The protagonists are apt to start by trying to deceive themselves, and end by trying to deceive other people. And wives are not usually so understanding and complaisant... the two unpleasant and inquisitive sons of the beneficent art-fancier are overdrawn, and their duality of action suggests a music-hall turn. The happy ending is provided by their tutor, and it is to be hoped that his successor will prove a sterner disciplinarian.

"DIAMOND JIM" is a complete contrast to this quiet, leisurely and rather dim picture. Like the man about whose personality and history it has been built up, it is flash in every sense of the word, and though the episodes in the life of this monstrously vulgar showman are founded on fact, it conveys no sense of realism.

And yet James Buchanan Brady was a real man, who started without a dime, made and lost fortunes, loved and lost lovely women, and finally ate himself to death. He succeeded through sheer determination and ostentation, and failed because he was nothing more than a vulgar and sentimental gasbag. He covered himself and everything he possessed with diamonds of monstrous proportions, and did everything on a scale which is apt to startle rather than impress.

Edward Arnold's study of this outsize "get-rich-quick" is magnificently wholehearted; Binnie Barnes plays the English actress whom he made famous, and Jean Arthur is the object of his unrequited love.

America produces these fantastic showmen, allows them to flourish for their little day, and then makes them, in their turn, into a show for the rest of the world to marvel at! We have had a Barnum film, a Buffalo Bill picture is on the stocks, and the story of the great Ziegfeld and his Follies provides another subject for the screen.

Harold Turner and Mary Honer

The Engaged Couple of the Vic-Wells Ballet Company

HAROLD Turner and Mary Honer are dancing the *Blue Bird* pas de deux together this season, Mary Honer having succeeded to the gay, delicate rôle which Markova made so much her own at Sadler's Wells and which Riabouchinska danced at Covent Garden. This newcomer to the Vic-Wells Company is young and attractive, but her bright, self-confident dancing lacks the sensibility the rôle asks. Harold Turner, to whom she is engaged, gives one of his finest performances in *Blue Bird;* he is a grand dancer, as virile as he is accomplished, and a premier danseur who would be outstanding in any company. He has been at Sadler's Wells for several seasons; his rôles include *Rendezvous, Façade, Casse Noisette,* and the new *Douanes*

Photographs by Anthony

From Am
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Virginia Cherrill

Virginia Cherrill has just finished her first English film (for Fox-British) and started work on her second. The first is "Late Extra," a thriller with Virginia as a young reporter who helps to catch the villain; he's Clifford McLaglen, and James Mason, a new film name, is the hero. Albert Parker directed. When that's been shown—soon, we guess—interest shifts to the next on the list, which is "Troubled Waters," another murder-story. Virginia Cherrill was one of Charlie Chaplin's discoveries, and he gave her the part of the blind girl in "City Lights"—she was good in it, too. She has made a great social success of her English trip, and has a hundred-and-one friends around London

erica and
nd Asia

Film Stars
the News

d right out of the medley of probables of the Third Floor Back" was made. 'Stasia, the pathetic little skivvy, is starrish future is as certain for her can be. She is twenty-four, and has he was fourteen, three years after she ol because she was cast as the Mad Alice in the school play. "Young ite Arms," "Safety First," "Rolling ne of the films she's been in. She sia while she was in the stage-play ex." She is a great fan of Conrad d a new kind of deck-chair, does s in water-colour, wants to be an kes an odd interest in archæology

elow: Rene Ray

Michiko Meinl

The famous Japanese actress makes her film début in "Last Love," a tragedy with music, which started a run at the Curzon last night. It's a Viennese film, with Michiko Meinl playing the part of a Japanese singer. Albert Basserman is the composer who writes a great opera for love of her, and Hans Jaray (he was in "Unfinished Symphony") is the young conductor whose heart she also breaks. The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra plays all the way through; the music (by Salmhofer) is based on Japanese folk songs, except for two songs Tauber composed for the picture

Sir Alfred Bell broke his leg so badly ski-ing and has shown such bravery ever since that the ladies of South-East St. Pancras are sure to feel sorry for the poor fellow and put an X against his name. The ladies of W.1. will canvas for this wealthy bachelor hoping to win merit in his eye—for Sir Alfred is hard to catch. His constituency is not a " safe " one and he was beaten there in '29. Best of luck!

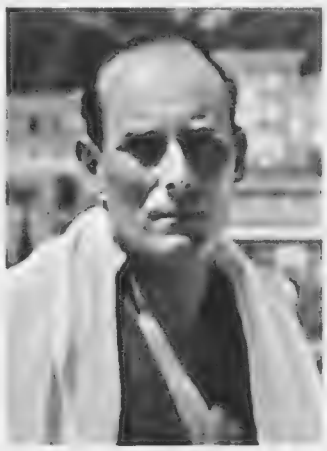
Capt. Alexander S. Cunningham-Reid (" Bobbie ") sits safely for St. Marylebone. Was a sapper and then an airman in the war but looks too young and care-free to be forty next spring. A clergyman's son " Bobbie's " social success is due to skill at sports, exceptional looks and the devotion in which his sweet and wealthy wife is held by all classes and many sets

Mr. C. E. G. C. Emmott, grandson of the 8th Duke of Argyll, has inherited classic Campbell gestures, gift of oratory, and pedantic vocabulary. Got in for Springburn (Glasgow) by thirty-four votes, aged thirty-three, in '31. At time of writing is said to be still searching for safer seat. A charming eighteenth-century character

Members who are keen on ski-ing testing Mid-Cumberland for a **Pownall,** the veteran Member for Central Sheffield, and **Mr. Harold** of the Bath Club and was an airman **Gourlay**—has fought several elec

Capt. Arthur Evans (South Cardiff) likes to relax on the dance floor and during Le Touquet week-ends, but by nature is a worker and a Welshman. Served Welsh Guards. Has travelled in the Empire and is a good mixer. Fearless though conventional, financially able though soldierly

Sir Victor Warrender (Grantham) is fair and tall, his disposition grave and thoughtful. Only thirty-six, he came of age on his honeymoon and was a Member at twenty-four. Lady Warrender is most charming of pretty women who play leading rôles. Constituents rally to her smile



Capt. David Margesson (P.C. 1933, therefore Rt. Hon.) is forty-five, good-looking, hard-working and right man for jobs he's filled. Held Rugby for twelve years. Summer holidays with his children at Monte Carlo. Avoids flippant Mayfair, but designing Mammas want him to marry again

NOW ENGAG

" National " Legislators

Mr. Charles Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, Laird of Dinnet, near Balmoral, and Member for Kincardine and West Aberdeenshire, is ideal type of land-owner, employer and neighbour. His wife and ex-deb daughter Violet are equally popular on Deeside. A homely family in spite of smart house in Norfolk Street

Mrs. H. B. Tate, who got in for West Willesden last time, is standing for the Frome Division of Somerset. Purposeful nose, cleft chin and curly hair. Dresses in vivid colours which startle the House. Extremely feminine in every way, temperamental, delicate, enthusiastic. Brother, Capt. Kenneth Hogg, ex-Irish Guards, plays championship bridge

Sir Adrian Baillie, who is heavily disguised with lemonade straws, has represented Linlithgow since the last election. Not a very comfortable seat for a Conservative owing to shale heaps. Is cheerful and charming, with none of his wife's shyness. Shares Leeds Castle with her, a house in the constituency, and a small son

Mr. Douglas Cooke, the Member for South Hammersmith, is a genial man-about-town, with a house in Great Cumberland Place, a bevy of pretty daughters, and a robust son-in-law — Raymond Quilter. Born New Zealand and educated Melbourne, has retained Australian accent. Will have healthy tussle to retain seat this election

include **Capt. Alan Dower** (conchange), **Lt.-Col. Sir Assheton** East Lewisham, **Mr. Boulton,** of **Sutcliffe** (Royton), who is a member in the war. The fifth — **Capt. Page** tions unsuccessfully. Best of luck!

Major A. N. Braithwaite, D.S.O., M.C. (Buckrose Division of Yorks.), has been in for nine years after three honourable defeats. Went to the war, aged twenty-one, and did well. An out-and-out Yorkshireman, an engineer and a member of the Embassy Club. Has a delightful wife, who was Anne Anderson, from Augusta, way down in Georgia

Captain Harold Balfour (Isle of Thanet) knows a vast amount about civil and military aviation from personal experience. Possesses a streak of brilliance. Always good on sky topics. Will make a great Air Minister one day. Inclined to kill himself with all work and no play. Wife Diana, daughter of the late Sir Robert Harvey, Bt., is niece of his aunt's husband, Lord Elibank

Sir Robert Horne, G.B.E., K.C. (Hillhead, Glasgow), is a charming bachelor; the reverse of dour, he could not be more pawky. Humour double Scotch. Deeply intelligent, able, and a grand speaker, he has never quite got where he ought to be. Unlucky in politics. Was Chancellor of the Exchequer and is very quick at sums. Likes golf at Gleneagles, Le Touquet, etc.

ED. ELECTIONEERING

in Their Leisure Hours

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Stanley is a cast-iron certainty for Fylde, Lancashire. Always favours Lord Derby, so next Earl enjoys reflected glory. An agreeable personality in his own right. We show him racing, where he puts in sound administrative work

Mr. James Henderson Stewart (National Liberal) is defending East Fife. Difficult to dislodge this supremely capable, broad-minded and "coming" Scot. Favourite holiday: riding tour of the Highlands. Favourite actress: Sophie Stewart, his sister. Favourite dress: the kilt

Mr. Reginald Purbrick is Australian, but lives on top and got in for Walton, Liverpool, six years ago. His yacht and hospitality are well known. Bluff kindly manner must suit Lancs., where a spade is sometimes a shovel. Also business acumen and way of knowing what he wants and who

Miss Florence Horsburgh, who halves Dundee with young Foot, makes the House laugh more than any of "les girls." Has best brain among them, too. Specialises in slum clearance and rapid repartee. Teases everyone except the sons and daughter of her sister, Mrs. Campbell of Dolphinton, who tease back. "Florrie" is fun. Especially when talking from fish-cart at street corner in broad Scots

Miss Thelma Cazalet, who flies everywhere, fights East Islington again, where she is greatly respected. Considerable knowledge of housing, health and child welfare, as befits a Member of L.C.C. since '25. Got into the game young and is a real little plodder—never spectacular. Sister of tennis-playing Victor. Plays nice tennis

Capt. Austin Hudson is serious youngish man, constantly referred to as "coming." Sits for North Hackney. Goes first nights if debates don't clash. Takes career deadly seriously, and quite right, too. Has a merry, popular wife, who was Peggy Broadbent, Etonian voice and comfortable income from family business

Mr. Mark Patrick was in Diplomatic till 1930, when he married Lady Evelyn Graham (of the King sisters); is defending Tavistock, in Devon. A typical product of Eton and Oxford, he enjoys mild golf. Has a good mind and became P.P.S. to the Secretary of State for India, in '33. A member of Buck's, of course

PASSING SHOWMEN: Familiar Figures in the London Scene

No. 3. Ginger, the Strong Man

John Everard

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

A Fillip to the Game

TRAVELLING interminably around, a regular Wandering Jew of Rugby football, I cannot help wondering whether the standard of play has not undergone some miraculous improvement this winter. An illusion, perhaps, as most pleasant things are illusions, but a persistent one, none the less. Maybe the New Zealanders are in part responsible for it. A touring team in our midst is always a gad-fly, stinging us to higher performance. And we have seen that the All Blacks are at present weak scrummagers, so we are settling down to a little shoving on our own account.

NOT only the teams who are privileged to try their strength against New Zealand show this improvement, however. The Harlequins just now are playing great football, with P. E. Dunkley in charge of a remarkably fine pack, and Adrian Stoop directing a young back division. If the Harlequins maintain their present form, they will be making Rugby history again. Certainly some of their players, Dunkley himself and P. W. P. Brook among them, must be in the running for places in the England team.

THEN the London Scottish, with a proper blend of ferocity and opportunism, are in tremendous fettle, and Richmond, roaring forwards—P. Cranmer and R. Leyland in the centre—have an uncommonly fine side. Leicester also are high in the list of outstanding club teams, and the knowing ones tip B. C. Gadney and C. Slow as England's half-backs.

Am I imagining things, or is this as bright a season as we have had for some years? I take leave, at any rate, to be optimistic, and I maintain that the game is very definitely on the up-grade.

A happy thought. Goodness knows we have needed encouragement long enough. In recent seasons we have endured quite deplorable football, largely because our forwards have neglected their true function, and gone chasing after strange gods.

Now we are in the odd position of pluming ourselves up on our forward play, and looking in incredulous amazement at the flounderings of our New Zealand friends. Mind you, I doubt whether these flounderings will last. Already there are signs of a change of heart. The All Blacks gave Cardiff a considerable tousling, and but for a referee who had different views upon the scrummage laws, they would have monopolised the ball. As it was, hooker Hadley was pretty smart,

T. H. C. Caughey gets over between the posts to score the All Blacks' first try in their game against Cardiff. The visitors proved altogether too strong for their opponents and won by 20 points to 5

and the All Black forwards shoved and packed low. And when the New Zealand scrummaging is right, I submit that we have a packet of trouble ahead of us.

WE have had time now to form an opinion of the New Zealand backs. They are good, very good. Let us make no mistake about that. Apparently they rate M. M. Corner as their No. 1 scrum-half, but they have a cracking fine little player in B. C. Sadler. If I were picking a New Zealand representative side—which Heaven forbid!—I should plump for Sadler every time. He is stronger than Corner, and not only takes it, but seems to like taking it. He flings large forwards down with a bump, and I recollect with pleasure a crowded minute when he chose to engage, with startling success, the entire Llanelly pack. He whips out a fast pass. He knows when to go on his own, and he goes like a bullet. A cheerful, aggressive, splendid little player.

The New Zealanders are missing J. R. Page greatly at first five-eighths. They need his speed in attack, his swift incisiveness. J. L. Griffiths, who takes his place until he is fit, is a beautifully-balanced player, extremely quick and sure in defence. I never saw an outside-half who so swiftly punished the opposing forwards when they dribbled a yard or so too far ahead. An unwise kick, a clumsy boot, the ball momentarily out of control, and Griffiths is round, gathering, punting with horrible accuracy to touch.

THEN T. H. C. Caughey—there is a dangerous runner for you! Caughey must be stopped at once. Let him slip into his stride, and he has a change of pace and a swerve which enable him to fade through the most vigilant defence. When we see Caughey breaking through the centre, we are apt to blame the tackling in mid-field. Perhaps the tackling is, in a small degree, culpable, but there are players who will make any defence look foolish, and Caughey, in my opinion, is one of them.

C. J. Oliver is a truly great centre three-quarter. In defence his covering is immense: in attack he also holds a burst of speed in reserve which leaves his opponents standing. And he is extraordinarily fast: time and again you will see him pass to his wing, check, swing outwards, and race up outside him for the return pass. Now the New Zealand wings are no slouches, and when Oliver does this he must be moving.

G. F. Hart, N. Ball, M. Mitchell—all these are wing three-quarters of speed and determination, and Ball has just produced, to our further undoing, a highly deceptive jink-in which his opposite numbers must watch most studiously.

Add to this galaxy of talent the fact that G. Gilbert has proved himself a strong and entirely reliable full-back, capable now and again of kicking penalty goals from almost indecent range, and it is plain to see that these New Zealanders, given attacking opportunities, would fall very little short of their 1924 predecessors.

NOW, will their forwards give them these essential opportunities? Not if their scrum-half continues to put the ball in like a flash of lightning. Law 15 clearly states that the ball must be "gently propelled," and referees will be up against the All Blacks' present swiftness. That is one thing. Another is their scrummaging, which improves, but is not right yet. They are suffering from having been brought up on the 2—3—2 scrummage formation. Very well. Why do they not retain the 2—3—2 formation, only adding to it one forward in the front row? Then they would be packing 3—3—2, a formation which even the most orthodox of us would pass for all sound scrummaging purposes.

They adhere, as it is, to 3—4—1, a formation which does not strike us as suitable against packs of real quality. It is a bendable formation, as a Scottish friend of mine remarked.

Still, they are working out their own salvation conscientiously enough, in full awareness of their forward deficiencies. By the time you read these notes they will have played the London Counties' team at Twickenham, and you will perhaps have had your first opportunity of sizing them up for yourself. And I dare say everything I have said will have proved itself erroneous. A pity, but Rugby football is a deceptive game. I only hope my belief in this season's revival is not based upon delusion.

• PASSING SHOWMEN

No. 3. Ginger, the Strong Man

J REXFORD—"Ginger" to you—got his inspiration when he saw Samson, a strong man, do a turn in a theatre. He hurried home, found he wasn't so bad himself at some of the tricks, and spent all his spare time practising. He was a boot-repairer then, but when his job left him, he started in the street with an orange-box and a four-inch nail as stock-in-trade. A man called George Wichlow saw him and gave him some training in his gymnasium, and from 1926 to 1928 he had a stage engagement with Montague Marks. Ginger is so strong that, believe it or not, he can lift an iron girder weighing 4½ cwt., or an ordinary taxi right off the ground, or, for a change, he can hold a fifteen-stone man over his head with one hand

Miss Penelope Maffey

Is Sir John and Lady Maffey's daughter, and a lovely girl, with golden hair, dark blue eyes, and dark eyebrows. Has been ill for some time, but is better now; very intelligent, and musical enough to have been studying in Vienna. Her father was Governor-General of the Sudan, and is Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies; he has a place near King's Lynn, in Norfolk

Mrs. Gordon Wall

Was lunching at the Ritz and wearing black as everyone does for that Ritz lunch. She is a director of Elizabeth Arden, and has just been elected vice-president of the Bond Street Association

Round the Town

Faces Seen By Molly Bishop

Mr. "Eddie" Tatham

Left: a post-flu sketch of "Eddie" Tatham; he was ill for three weeks and still looks pale and thinner, but is very much about again

Right: a lunch-time sketch of Lord Carisbrooke, Princess Beatrice's son, and the Queen of Spain's brother. His fifteen-year-old daughter, Lady Iris Mountbatten, is one of Lady Alice Scott's bridesmaids to-day

The Marquess of Carisbrooke

"Bystander" Short Story No. 10

Decorations by Eric Fraser

Roundabout: by John Talland

NOBODY watching Nicholas Nye stoking and stroking and oiling his steam-engine would have suspected him of being a romantic, but that is what he proved to be, although he would have told you himself that he was an engineer, liked a free life and beer and 'bacca, and cared for not much else except the Marquis of Granby, which was the name on the brass plate of the round, gleaming belly of his engine.

That he loved the thing was obvious. You had only to sit on an ostrich and glide around Nick and the Marquis of Granby a few times to realise that the heart of the whole of Kingcup's Up-to-Date Amusements was the very centre of the roundabouts, the pulsating Marquis of Granby—and Nicholas Nye. They not only swung the works, but provided music from the steam organ that could be heard for many a mile around.

At the time of Nick's extraordinary trouble, Kingcup's Up-to-Date Amusements happened to be on a village common in Buckinghamshire, where, as everyone knows, the girls are buxom and beautiful.

There were, of course, other minor subsidiaries to help make up the vast whole of Kingcup's Amusements. There was old Pa Kingcup, who owned it—a roaring, white-haired old devil, who had accumulated his beginnings by spiking cocoanuts so that even half-bricks would not dislodge them from their iron rings. There was Ma Lloyd, who had more than a half-interest in the rifle ranges, "Hoop-la" stalls and Flying Aeroplanes; Young Henry—the Cocoanut King—an obscure relative of old Kingcup; and there were others, all unimportant, in Nick's view, because they contributed nothing towards making the wheels go round.

Since the last census—when it had become necessary for a label to be put on his occupation—he had proudly assumed the title of Engineer. He was certainly a wizard with the Marquis. Its chattering was sweet music to him; music that he could hear through the blare of the organ—though no other ears could. He knew all its whimsies because he had attended on them for almost as long as he could remember. Its oil was part of his very being. He was soaked in it; and the soot was deep in his skin.

Life circulated around him and the Marquis, and life was never dull. If he was not taking the engine apart or putting it together, he was operating it, and these were his proudest moments. Children called to him: "Again!—again!" for special music. They wanted to hear again harmonies that were burned into his very soul. It was funny. He laughed at them, showing ragged black teeth in a mouth that was surprisingly pink compared to the rest of him. For a treat, if they looked good kids, he would give the governor a turn; and then the Marquis would quicken its beat, and the shining piston would thrust the whole works around in an extra-giddy circumrotation. Invariably he would give a few triumphant "hoot-toots," and sometimes do a few little dance steps of his own on his crazy wooden platform near where the gilt heralds jerkily put their toy trumpets to their metallic mouths.

The governor was a funny thing. He never really understood why those three brass balls were necessary at all. Of course, he knew that they controlled the speed, but so did his throttle. *Why* they should control it was a mystery. It was the only thing he didn't understand, and consequently it was the least loved part of the Marquis. Nevertheless, those whirling brass balls made a part of the whole.

YES, there was plenty of life around him, but he had never taken much notice of it. One grey afternoon of late summer, however, he saw a vision on a cockerel's back. In a lifetime devoted to giving pleasure to others, he had seen many a nice girl on the back of a lion or a tiger. And, of course, he 'd waved and smiled, and had had kisses blown to him from the most unlikely and pretty girls; and they had never affected his heart one jot or tittle. But here now was a Bucks lass on a cockerel and her glance had swept over and through him, and his heart was fluttering like a boy's. He passed an oily hand through his long hair to comb it into shape. And he smiled seraphically.

Pete Murdock, who collected the tuppences for Pa Kingcup, came and spent an unnecessarily long time with her over the matter of change for sixpence. Nicholas had never hated that agile monkey so much—for her attention was being diverted, and particularly he missed the provocative glimpse of the blue garter that encircled one of her substantial knees.

There were other people on the animals, but he did not see them. Round and round she came, and each time there was that monkey leering up at her as she popped up and down on her seat. Would he never go?

Nicholas shouted at him a few times: "Hi—get on! Clear off!" But the only answer he received was a derisive gesture. He closed his throttle; the Marquis responded by easing speed. Pete made his way along to the next customer, and

then Nick opened up again. He would give her a good tuppence-worth. He waved, grinned, clapped, danced a jig, gestured, blew kisses, but if she saw she took no heed. At last he stopped. She had had a good sixpennyworth. As she dropped off the running-board, she turned, looked at Nick, tossed her head, and was gone. He stood with his mouth open, looking after her, and a turmoil went on inside him.

When Pete the Monkey came near next time, Nick stopped him.

"Who's that girl you was making up to, eh?"

Pete rolled his eyes ecstatically. "The goods, eh? Promised to come out with me t' morrow—'er night off. Oh, boy!"

Nick writhed, but said nothing.

To-morrow came. Nicholas saw her come to the ground and wave to Pete; saw Pete run to the caravan and hand in his takings and dash back to her, and then, together, they were gone. One of the other lads came and climbed on the running-board.

Around the common there were country lanes, trees, woods. Dusk was falling.

Nick ground his teeth as he shovelled coal. A strange, unnatural feeling pervaded him, took possession of him, and burned up his insides like the coal in the Marquis's fire-box. He had never known it before. There had been only one love in his life—the Marquis. Now the Marquis gave him no joy. He hated it. This girl, this hoydenish creature, with her legs and blue garters, had done something strange to him. His brain whirled with thoughts of her. She was the universe that whirled around him, encompassing him like a spider weaving a web around a fly. He was caught in his own emotions—and they were fed on—nothing. He had received nothing from her. But she had noticed him. And Pete—Pete was with her now—they were kissing and cuddling in some heathery bank. That ugly monkey . . . well, he should have his face bashed in first opportunity.

And she—what could he do to her? Let her come back, and she should see.

The organ was blaring out a popular melody called "Love is the Sweetest Thing." He knew the music and the title, but nothing about the theme. Love had never come into Nick Nye's life . . .

His eyes sought the crowds. They searched between the electric lights and naptha flares, the cocoanut-shies and performing flea booths, the hoop-las and dart-boards. He sought a face—two faces in the shadows—and he knew not why.

And then, most amazingly, they were there, on a camel, so close to him that he could have heaved a lump of coal most successfully and damagingly. Instead, he picked up a spanner. An idea had come into his head from nowhere. She wanted a ride . . . she should have one she wouldn't forget. The spanner end twirled the restraining nut off the governor. He pulled the whistle lanyard, and with a brisk "hoot-toot" opened the throttle of the Marquis of Granby.

Then he proceeded to stoke up. . . .

THE fair-ground was fairly full. From the road it looked a colourful blaze of lights. Major Alton Fisby-Smith responded to his wife's request and stopped his car. It was market day at the nearest town and early-closing day elsewhere. The local Council were having an evening meeting because this was a convenient day for councillors. Major Fisby-Smith was the Chairman of the Council. He was more. He was the whole Council, because he ruled the lot; but to-night some of the hot-headed faction who would ruin the county and the country were bringing their party in force to try and get the better of him. They wanted, if you please, to let some jerry-built houses be flung up where they could interfere with the views from his own bedroom windows.

He had been telling Ellen about what he was going to do in the matter when she had interrupted.

"Alton—*darling!* A Fair! How lovely—do stop. How delicious! I haven't been near one for so many years I'd almost forgotten!"

"H'm," he said. "Very picturesque. Well—better be moving."

He glanced at his watch.

"Could we spend only two teeny minutes, darling? I would so love just to peep in. May we?"

There were ten minutes to spare before the meeting. He reflected that it might help him to try and forget his seething indignation for a while. It would probably result in a few new and choice arguments—and epithets.

"Just five minutes, then. I mustn't be late. It's very important."

They left the car, crossed the turf, entered the enclosure.

"Oh, Alton! Hoop-la! Have you any change, dearest?"

He produced a shilling, then another.

"Waste of money—come on, Ellen. G'Lawd! Performing fleas! Look at these photographs. Well, God bless my soul—not since I was a boy. I wouldn't mind——"

"Oh, Alton—I don't know whether I——"

"Come on. Quaintest thing you ever saw——"

They entered the tent. Five minutes later they emerged, and he said: "Ellen, I do believe I—dammit, I'm sure! Good God! To think that I—er——"

"Oh, Alton! Look! The roundabouts. They're just going to start. Oh! Do let's! I'd so love it!"

She dragged him on. The "hoot-toot" nearly made him fall off again, but he clutched a blistered brown mare by the mane and swung himself into such a position that the draught of their passage could blow clear up his trousers' leg. One never knew. By clamping the cloth tight around the thigh, the wind *might* dislodge the little performer.

Ellen smiled at him, at the crowd, at the grimy-faced man who was furiously stoking the boiler.

"I could stay on these things for ever!" she cried.

"What d'you say?" shouted the Major. But the music was deafening.

"Animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

Slowly at first, but with increasing speed, round and round they went. Up and down, up and down cavorted the horses, the unicorns, the lions, the tigers, zebras, cockerels and hens.

Blare and blare went the music in great gusts as they swept around to it and then away from it.

"Love is the Sweetest Thing," sang Mrs. Fisby-Smith, feeling more girlish than she had for many years.

A mahogany-faced youth collected fourpence and passed on to talk with a fat girl who sat on a camel in front and showed a blue garter to the world, notwithstanding her constant endeavours to conceal it.

It was quite exhilarating.

"I didn't know these things went so fast," muttered the Major, hanging on with both hands.

The Marquis of Granby was turning over faster than Nick remembered it had ever done before. The throttle was about three-quarters open and

(*Concluded on page* viii)

DUNLOP
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This charming lady prefers CRAVEN "A" because, fastidious in all things, she appreciates the delightful flavour and unvarying quality of this excellent cork-tipped cigarette

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"BUSTER 1" "BUSTER 2"

Mr. G. M. Tonge is one of the richest bachelors. Announced engagement to pretty Susan Bligh last season. Cancelled soon after in the *Times*. His great friend married her cousin, Lady Marguerite Strickland. Has private 'plane, but gets bored

Left: **Sir Edmund Findlay,** Bt., of Aberlour also owns the *Scotsman* and an anxious expression absent here. Conscientious, conservative and contemplative. Can be dour or charming. Standing for Parliament for first time this time

"JACKIE 1" "JACKIE 2"

Mrs. Woolf Barnato, wife of the erstwhile racing motorist, is decorative, slender Californian, with two sons already to her credit. Now visiting U.S.A.

Right: **Mrs. Charles Brutton,** who was Gladys Gwendolin MacAlpine till this year, is sporting elder daughter of race-horse owner Sir Alfred

. . . AND SOME SHARE THEIR NICKNAMES

"DODO 1" "DODO 2"

Miss Annesley played this saxophone in a woman's band until last year, when second saxophone sister Sheilah married Kit Burlison, grandson of Paul Rubens, and gave up music

Right: **Sir David Baird,** Bt., of Newbyth was called "Dodo" by brother-officers in the Black Watch. Has dry wit, biting as North Berwick wind. Never spoils own jokes by smiling. Trustee of Seafield Estates and father of redhaired Jean Baird

"CHIPS 1" "CHIPS 2"

Left: **Mr. Charles Hector Fitzroy MacLean,** who looks so careworn here and is such a charming lad in his mustard coat with his sandy hair, will eventually succeed the 100-year old Crimean veteran—Sir Hector MacLean of Duart

Mr. Henry Channon, highbrow author, and husband of the Lady Honor, who recently presented him with a son and heir, was born in Middle West — on far side of Chicago. Couldn't seem more European except in devotion to culture

Moon Magic

This is one of the nude studies in John Everard's book, "Adam's Fifth Rib," which Chapman and Hall are publishing on November 11th. A number of the pictures in his book have appeared from time to time in the "Bystander"

Romeo and Juliet Hold the Stage

The Star-Crossed Lovers of the Immortal Tragedy as Introduced to London and New York

Laurence Olivier and Peggy Ashcroft

SHAKESPEARE has been very much to the fore on Broadway lately, and New Yorkers, having seen Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale in *Macbeth*, now have the choice of Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in *Taming of the Shrew*, and Katharine Cornell and Maurice Evans in *Romeo and Juliet*, while Leslie Howard's production of *Hamlet* is due in the New Year.

Since her last visit to England in 1919, Katharine Cornell has become one of the greatest actresses in America, and her production of *Romeo and Juliet* is proving as interesting to New York as is John Gielgud's to London. Maurice Evans's Romeo was more enthusiastically received by the New York critics than was Olivier's over here. Ralph Richardson as Mercutio is another Englishman who shines in the New York production

Vandamm, New York

New York: Katharine Cornell and Maurice Evans

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

Advance Advice about Christmas Presents: By A. G. Macdonell

An astonishing variety of books has descended upon me this week, and, like a good journalist, I have to pretend that I am an expert upon a great many subjects about which I know very little. Take the matter of cheese, for example. We all know a little about cheese, that Cheddar is to be found in all English hotels, and that Gruyère is full of little holes, and that music-hall comedians used to make jokes about Limburger. But if you read Mr. Osbert Burdett's *A Little Book of Cheese* (Howe; 5s.), you will realise how very little you understand about this mighty and noble subject. For Mr. Burdett is not only an epicure; he is also a wit and a philosopher, and he discourses with a gentle felicity. He wanders happily among English hard and soft cheeses and among the great range of foreign cheeses; he quotes Brillat-Savarin's immortal aphorism, "Dessert without Cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye"; and he adds a charming chapter on the Literature of Cheese, with Mr. Belloc's rolling periods and Mr. Chesterton's "Stilton, thou should'st be living at this hour." This book is Mr. Burdett at his gayest and most delightful.

There is a fine sincerity about Mr. David Kirkwood's autobiography, *My Life of Revolt* (Harrap; 10s. 6d.). One of the most famous of the Clydesiders, Mr. Kirkwood commands the respect of his bitterest political opponents, and the story of his life is full of interest. He is especially interesting in his description of the munition problem during the war. As chief shop-steward in the mighty Beardmore works in Glasgow, Mr. Kirkwood was a key-man in the ever-simmering relationships between masters and men, and it was a cardinal blunder when armed detectives arrested him and he was deported from the Clyde area. The way was at once made clear for the extremist agitators, against whom Kirkwood had been standing like an immoveable bulwark, and incalculable harm was done. There is a chapter on that most lovable of wild men, Mr. James Maxton, and another about the giant Cunarder and what it has meant to Clydeside.

Sir Charles Harington, universally known in military circles as "Tim," has written a biography of Lord Plumer, to whom he was Chief of Staff in the Second Army during the war. It is called *Plumer of Messines* (Murray; 12s. 6d.). The brunt of the ghastly fighting at Passchendaele fell, or, rather, the direction of it fell, upon the shoulders of these two men, and history will always debate their actions. Ought they to have carried out Haig's instructions to go on battering and battering in the mud, or ought they to have frankly said that the whole operation was wasteful and impossible? Some will answer one way and some another. General Harington himself does not seem to have any doubts. At any rate, the combatant troops in France were agreed upon one thing, and that was that the staff-work in the Second Army was incomparably better than the staff-work in any other of the Armies, and the general impression, rightly or wrongly, was that the reason for this lay in Plumer's self-effacement and Harington's efficiency. But in all honesty I must record that efficiency in directing the affairs of a huge army does not always mean a skill in writing English. Nevertheless, this biography by a skilled soldier of a Christian gentleman is very well worth reading.

Winifred Holtby—alas!—is dead and that radiant personality has vanished, leaving the world a poorer and drabber place. Her exquisite and subtle satire on Colonial Empires, their acquisition and their maintenance, *Mandoa, Mandoa!* (Collins), has just been reprinted at 3s. 6d. It is so topical—now that a last attempt to civilise some African blacks is in full swing—that it might have been specially written for this immediate crisis. The irony is devastating and the wit is Voltarian. It is cruel that the deviser of such a satire should have died at thirty-seven.

What a grand wag is Mr. Nicolas Bentley! What a master of the art of creating a character in a black-and-white drawing. This autumn he has emerged with two lovely books. The first is called *Ready Refusals* (Methuen; 5s.), with the delightful sub-title, "The White Liar's Engagement Book." It is an anthology, collected by Mr. Bentley himself, of possible excuses for non-acceptance of boring invitations. Tennyson, Artemus Ward, Will Shakespeare, Johnson, Pope, and a hundred others are pressed into service, and illustrated by the witty collector. The other is called *Foreigners*, and this time the writing part of it is done by Miss Theodora Benson and Miss Betty Askwith, and the publishers are Gollancz, and the price is 6s. It is exceptionally magnanimous of me to enjoy this book, and to say so in public, for I find in the section labelled "The Scotch" the following sentences: "For some unknown and affected reason they like to call themselves Scots instead of Scotch. They are the most God Awful Bores." Pretty Miss Benson, witty Miss Askwith, I am so dreadfully sorry. I do apologise for my fellow-countrymen for the suffering they have caused you, for Mr. Ivor Brown, that God Awful Bore, for Mr. Eric Linklater, for the Marquess of Montrose, for Mr. John Buchan, for Robert Louis Stevenson, for James and David and Muirhead Bone—oh! Witty Miss Benson and Pretty Miss Askwith, run away and play. But all the same, *Foreigners* is brilliant, and on every page you find the sort of lovely joke that you wish you had made yourself. Coals of fire, mesdemoiselles, coals of fire!

Another illustrated book, full of fun, is *The Young Girl's Guide to Good Behaviour*, by Miss Monica Redlich (Hamish Hamilton; 5s.), and illustrated by Miss Anna Zinkeisen. It is diabolically clever and ought to be labelled as a sub-title, "The Gentle Art of Losing Friends." The sort of advice which it gives you is, for instance, "It is a pretty gesture to stretch one leg unconsciously out in front of you and slowly move your foot about," or "fling yourself thoughtlessly on a sofa, and stretch out your arms." For myself, I propose to lose one or two friends this Christmas by giving them this book and asking them, artlessly, if they are the original model for it. I only wish I had the nerve to send it to Miss Benson and Miss Askwith. That remark about us is still rankling, though I am doing my best to keep a stiff upper lip.

The Hon. Theodora Benson sat between Arthur Waugh and Philip Inman at the lunch in honour of the book she has edited, "The First Time I . . . ." Her joint book with Betty Askwith, "Foreigners," is reviewed on this page

Lady Listowel, Cyril Lakin, the literary editor of the "Sunday Times," and Miss Rose Macaulay, were three more guests at the lunch at the Dorchester. The "Sunday Times" Book Exhibition is open now at Dorland Hall

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Black taffeta and velvet combine to make this charming cap from Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is draped in soft folds, reminiscent of a turban, while a cock's comb effect is achieved with black velvet. The scarf which accompanies it is also velvet lined taffeta, and widens into two fan-shaped ends. There is a pronounced vogue for caps this season, partly because they are so youthful and becoming, and also because they do not interfere with fur collars. They are made in almost any material, including velvet, soft felt and fur. In the case of the latter, however, they usually accompany a coat of the same fur, or else they are made with cravat and muff to match

TAILORED FURS

Here is a delightfully warm and becoming coat for the country and sportswear in general. The fur is ocelot, and Revillon, 180, Regent Street, designed it, cutting it short like a jacket and introducing simple tailored lines. Another beautiful coat is full length, made in Somali leopard, with wide revers and a belt, while a similar model is made in natural blue-back seal. This is one of the smartest furs introduced this season, and is very hard-wearing. Flat-haired pelts, such as Indian Lamb, American Broadtail, and Persian Lamb, are always ultra-smart, while nutria and pony skin combine to make a three-quarter-length swagger coat with a Balkan military air

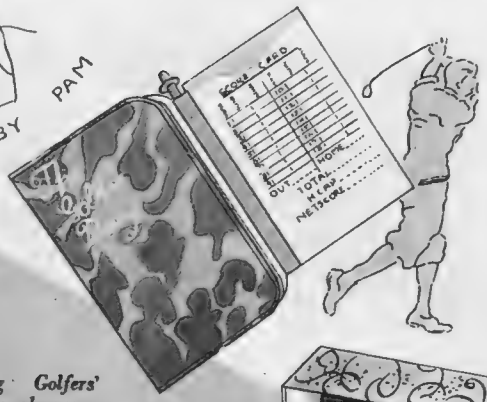
There are beautiful sable coats that are really the prerogative of women who, it may be said, have "princely" dress allowances. And the mink coats assembled here are noteworthy on account of the fine quality of the skins and the working thereof. They are so beautifully cut that they may well be described as tailored, and what appeals to the majority of women is that they emphasise the fashionable slender [silhouette. A feature is likewise made of wraps in Scotch moleskin. There are coatees and coats, the former being particularly appropriate for Christmas gifts

Two views are given of the above coat. It is made in grey Indian lamb, lavishly trimmed with silver fox, and may also be seen in the salons at Revillon. The collar is particularly striking as it suggests a cape. Talking of capes, this firm are showing a wonderful collection in Russian ermine, Canadian mink and silver fox. For the evening they are generally three-quarter length, while some show a tendency to dip at the back. The monk's hood collar is introduced in a finger-tip coat of Russian ermine dyed Briarwood. It is equally becoming worn either up or down

THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

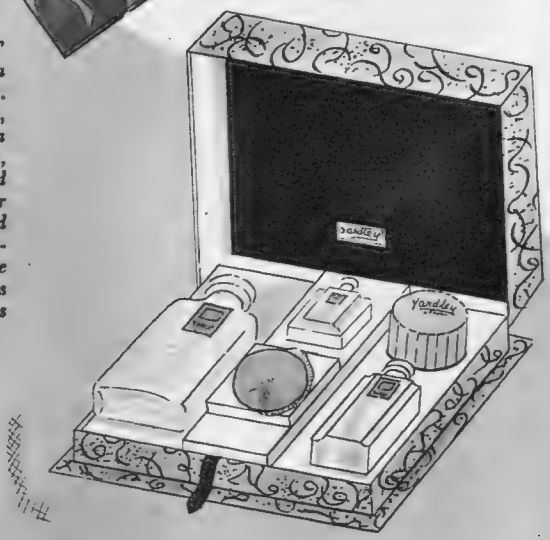
DISCOVERED BY PETA

PICTURED BY PAM

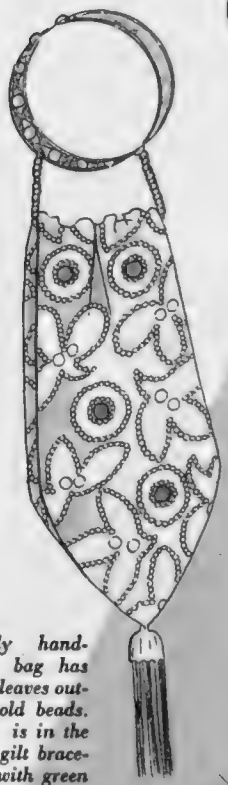


"Spalding Golfers' Diary," is always a very acceptable gift. It only costs 2s. 6d., and includes a Golfer's Passport, Progress Chart and Score Card, together with a practical sized space for engagements. It is obtainable from all Professionals and Sports Dealers

There is something different about this bag from Woolland's, Knightsbridge. The material is Persian brocade with a royal blue ground and gold thread embroidery. A gilt mount studded with pearls and shaped like a Russian head-dress completes the scheme



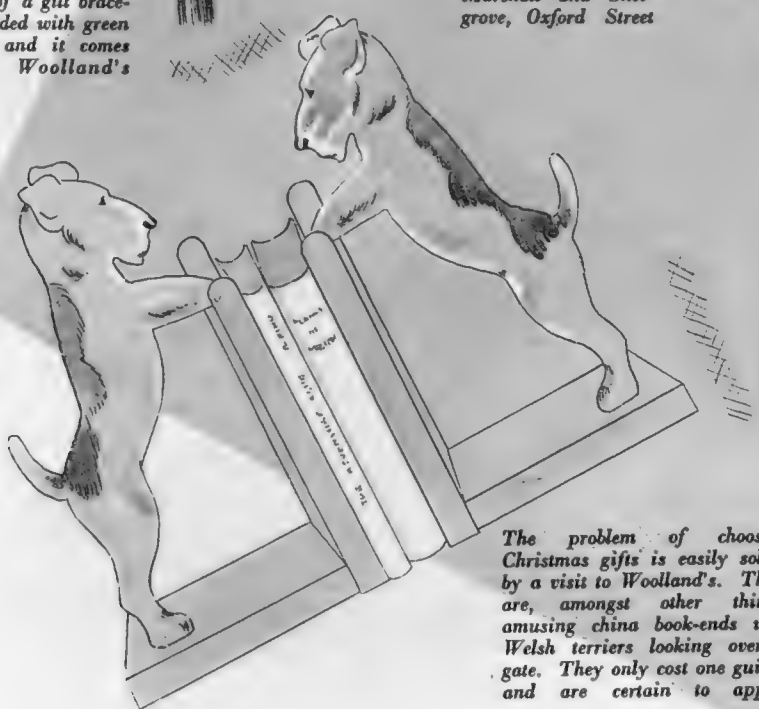
Yardley's are showing this delightful gift case. It contains orchis bath salts, talcum powder, perfume and face powder. Also a flap-jack in a special self-polishing case



This lovely hand-embroidered bag has white velvet leaves outlined with gold beads. The handle is in the shape of a gilt bracelet studded with green stones, and it comes from Woolland's

Flame-coloured lamé with a peacock-feather design makes the waistcoat blouse on the right. It is ideal for informal occasions, with its graceful cape, and may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

The evening cape on the right is designed by Marshall and Snelgrove, and carried out in black velvet studded with diamanté sequins, and lined with white taffeta. The pointed shoulders introduce a new note, also the collar band of velvet ribbon



The problem of choosing Christmas gifts is easily solved by a visit to Woolland's. There are, amongst other things, amusing china book-ends with Welsh terriers looking over a gate. They only cost one guinea and are certain to appeal

Women's Golf:

Miss Sylvia Bailey (left) returned the second best scratch score with 77 at the Surrey Autumn Meeting at Purley Downs. With her is Mrs. Edwards, of Coombe Wood, with whom she won the Partners' Best Ball prize

Left: Miss Diana Cumberlege, of Wentworth, who did the eighth hole at Burhill in one during the United Services' Autumn Meeting. Mrs. Leonard Martin (right) was her opponent

Right: Miss Barbara Daniell (left), an ex-Middlesex Champion, who is a well-known motorist, has announced her engagement to Mr. James Stewart. With her is Miss Betty Roberts-Harris, the present Champion

Near and Far: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

TIME was when, after Worplesdon, golfers and golfing journalists sat down and metaphorically licked their lips or their wounds in retrospect, and wondered whether the winter would ever pass and the season start again. Nowadays the season is almost non-stop, and ever since those Mixed Foursomes of thrilling memory I have been running round like a kitten chasing its tail, not knowing which meeting to miss out.

I should have liked to have been at Langley Park to see Miss Wanda Morgan win the Kent scratch with 77, equalling par, or at Thorndon Park when Miss Audrey Holmes won the Essex scratch with 78. The Parliamentary, too, at Stoke Poges, put in some good scoring, and Miss Lampson, after a tie with Miss Cradock-Hartopp for the scratch with 82, also won the Jubilee Cup for the scratch aggregate, and the handicap aggregate. And the Mount Vernon Hospital Cup at Moor Park was a brilliant affair, with Miss Gourlay winning the women's scratch with 73, in spite of four little putts missed (think of it!) and a great 65 net from Miss J. Callander, of Moor Park, who is evidently going to be a first-rate golfer.

BUT if you want eye-witness accounts, you must let me lead you by the hand to Purley Downs, where Miss H. V. Smith sent off some hundred and twenty players in the Surrey Silver Division, and Miss Gourlay was again in grand form. 75 is par there, 74 was her score, and, honestly, there is nothing much to be said about it, because it is only exactly what is to be expected of Miss Gourlay. I am quite certain that if one took the trouble to work out the number of open meetings played in during the year by, say, half a dozen of our leading ladies, added together the gross scores and the pars, and so worked out each player's average, Miss Gourlay would come out top by a very considerable amount. Match play may be another story, but give Miss Gourlay a card and she is away like a flash and home like a streak. The scratch aggregate, spring and autumn meeting, was hers, too.

Miss Sylvia Bailey seemed to have done well enough with 77, and is a player who has come back with a vengeance, not merely to where she was when work made her give up golf a few years back, but considerably ahead of it. She swept the handicap board, though Mrs. Whittington, of West Byfleet, tied with her at 74 net; Walton Heath took the team trophy under handicap, largely assisted thereto by Miss Phyllis Pearce, who, with 75 net, was also an individual prize-winner.

Encroaching bricks and mortar have necessitated Purley to open some new holes since I was there last; one may regret that attractive and secluded valley, but the present lay-out has eliminated a good deal of hill-climbing, and the course was in splendid condition.

BRICKS and mortar came in for their share of the picture next day at Burhill, in the shape of the King's Jubilee House, which is steadily growing above the eighth tee. Some of the competitors, since there was a slight hold-up there for the short hole, took a stroll round what will be garden, and one of them was so inspired by the sight that she forthwith holed her tee shot at that short hole, which is not so very short, anyway, measuring 200 yards, and all uphill. The doer of this deed was Miss Diana Cumberlege, from Wentworth, who must sincerely have wished that the Wildernesse procedure, whereby the doer gets instead of gives, were universal. Perhaps it will be presently. The occasion was the United Services Association autumn meeting, the weather was good, so were the greens, yet it was one of those days when I walked diligently and found nothing good in the way of a score to watch. Mrs. A. D. Stocks won the scratch with 80, and headed the first division handicap with 72, which was extremely good, but there were any number of really small handicaps there who ought to have been round nearer the par of 76. In the long handicap division honours went to the youngest competitor in the Girls' Championship, Diana Stephens, aged twelve and three-quarters. Of course, a handicap of 22 does leave you something to come and go on in the matter of too many putts and at least one major disaster, but it was good scoring all the same, and looks as if Diana will have ceased to be longest handicap as well as youngest competitor by the time Stoke comes round again.

It's amazing how our girls grow up. Forgive the truism, but it does seem only the minute before last that "wee Jessie," meaning Miss Anderson, was winning the Girls', and here she is Champion of New Zealand, having beaten Mrs. J. B. Walker 5 and 4 in the thirty-six-hole final, after lunching one down. Didn't I promise you another taste of the Touring Team's official diary? Here it is:

"OCTOBER 1ST, 1935. A wonderful crossing [this was from Wellington to Lyttleton], one hardly realised the ship was moving, and at 6.45 we put into Lyttleton Harbour and were met by Mrs. Godby and South Island officials, who packed us into cars and took us a wonderful drive, winding up into the hills round the harbour till we came to a most amazing view of snow-capped ranges as we dropped down to a bay leading to Christchurch, where we breakfasted. Then on to a train, which left at 8.35, and we had a journey of ever-changing scene, with the wonderful range of white-capped peaks away in the distance, the sun shining out on them so that at times they appeared almost transparent against the blue sky—stretching along the horizon for the greater part of the journey. The ground everywhere seemed parched, and broad river beds were covered with tree lupins and blue trickles of water running between. At Timaru, which we reached about 12, we were met by the president and members of the committee of the Golf Club there, who presented us with tiki charms in jade and chatted with us during the few minutes' stay. At Oamaru we dashed out for lunch at the refreshment-room to be met by the president, captain and committee of the Golf Club there, who insisted on being our hostesses for lunch and presented us with bouquets of grape hyacinths and polyanthus and a big box of fruit. The remainder of the time till we reached Dunedin at about 4.30 was spent in admiring the scenery as the train wound in and out of the mountains and round the most beautiful bays—some rocky and others with lovely sandy beaches.

"WE were met at the station by our various hostesses, who whisked us off in their cars to most comfortable homes.

"To-morrow's game is to be an exhibition four-ball match in the afternoon at Balmacewan, a hilly course outside the town, to be followed by tea at the Club House and an evening party."

An unofficial comment is "it's all almost too wonderful to be believed."

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

VAT 69

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

THE WORLD OVER

Quality Tells—

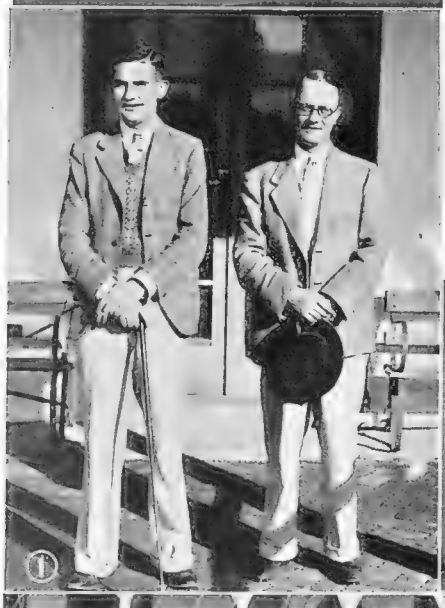
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY *Sanderson's*

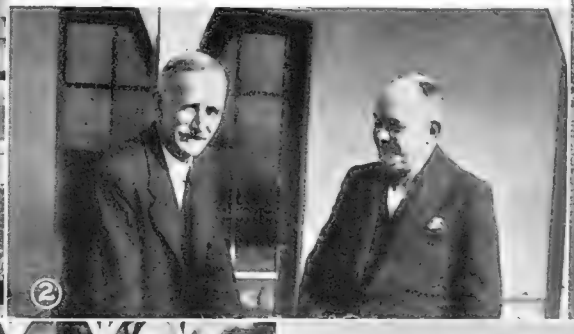
Willing

A View of the Club-house

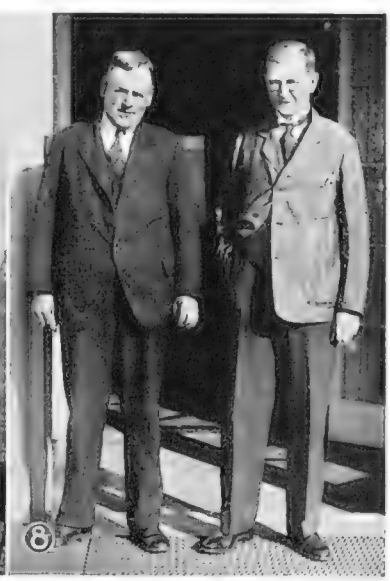
Golf Clubs At Home

Prestatyn Golf Club, Flintshire





(1) A. B. Evans (hon. secretary) and F. K. M. Ewart (captain). (2) J. P. Linnell (secretary) and H. Daniels (president). (3) L. I. J. Sharkey (vice-captain) and R. Morrell (member of council). (4) P. Ratcliffe, E. Rimmer, C. Wylde (hon. treasurer), and H. E. Trafford-Owen. (5) G. Clarke, W. E. Roberts, C. E. Locke, and Hartley Hooley. (6) J. A. Whitehead and Jack Whitehead. (7) Keith Barbar, V. S. Thornton (ex-One-armed Champion), R. McKarrell (One-armed Champion), and A. H. Howl. (8) H. Holmes (professional) and F. Yates (steward)



THE Monte Carlo CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON, 1935-36

1935	
DEC. 5–JAN. 19	Monte Carlo Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas.
DEC. 22	Hotel de Paris—Opening Gala of the Winter Season.
DEC. 23–29	Monte Carlo Country Club—Christmas Tennis Tournament.
DEC. 24	INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB OPENS.
1936	
JAN. 13–19	Monte Carlo Country Club—Tennis Championships.
JAN. 16–25	INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT (at the Sporting Club).
JAN. 20–26	FIFTH INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS of the Principality of Monaco (at the Condamine Tennis Club).
JAN. 26	Monte Carlo Opera—Season opens with Wagner's "Ring."
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.

TRAVEL ARRANGEMENTS

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5*s*.
Return Sleeper, £9 19*s*. 2*d*.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0*s*. 2*d*.
Return Sleeper, £8 17*s*. 10*d*.
30-day tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1*s*.

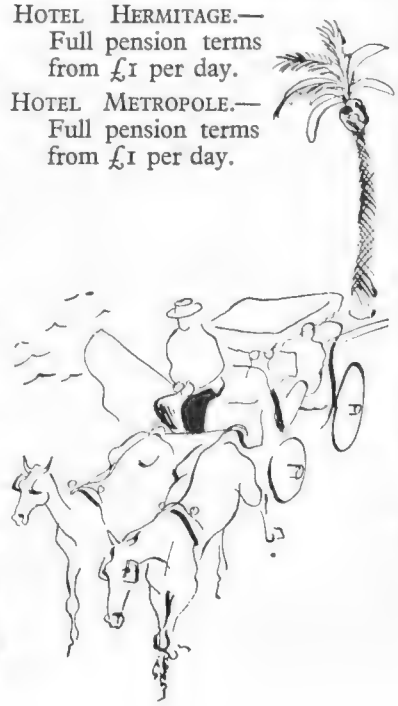
SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30*s*. per day.

HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

*At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10*s*. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Sons Ltd., and all travel agencies.*



MONTE CARLO

YARDLEY

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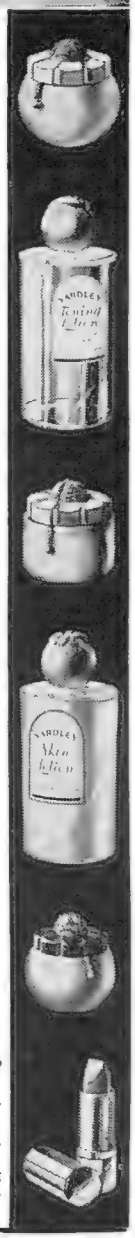
Beauty is a passport to all the high adventure, the gaiety, the romance that life can offer.

Yet, though she covets it, the busy woman often fails to attain her share of this precious thing. For her, and for all women, Yardley now offer a beauty treatment that may be achieved simply and satisfyingly at home; Yardley present BEAUTY SECRETS FROM BOND STREET—a new series of Beauty Preparations whose balanced ingredients embody the very latest ideas on beauty culture which have emerged from Yardley's wealth of experience and research work in this field: preparations which are simple to use and which can be relied upon to give that clear, healthful skin texture which is essential to beauty.

First is the snowy-white English Complexion Cream for cleansing and to soothe and revive tired skin at night. Then tissues soaked in the Toning Lotion to remove the Cream and last traces of dirt, and to freshen and brace the skin. Next the Skin Food to nourish the hungry skin and keep the contours of the face youthfully rounded and the skin clear and velvety.

For make-up, a light film of the Foundation Cream into which the Rouge Cream can be artistically worked to give a soft, natural bloom of colour, then the fine, clinging "Silver Box" Powder (an attractive shade is English Peach), an accentuation of the mouth with the new Indelible Lipstick, and finally, a trace of the Eye Shadow to flatter the eyes. The result—with a skin that is cared for by the Yardley Beauty Preparations—is one of living, radiant beauty.



The Beauty Secrets Series can be obtained at the Best Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores, and comprise:

English Complexion Cream 2/6	*Skin Lotion* 2/6	*Rouge Cream* 2/-
Toning Lotion 2/6	*Foundation Cream* 2/-	*Lipstick* 3/-
Skin Food 2/6	*Face Powder* 2/-	*Eye Shadow* 2/-

The Beauty Box containing English Complexion Cream, Toning Lotion, Skin Food, Skin Lotion, Foundation Cream and Tissues, together with Beauty Booklet, costs 13/6.

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and learn about these preparations—how Yardley help to make beauty a daily effortless habit. Post Free on application to Yardley, 33 Old Bond Street, London, W.1. *Ask for Booklet No.* 117

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Worplesdon Final

In one of the most thrilling and exciting finals ever seen in this tournament, Miss Gwendoline Cradock-Hartopp and her brother, J. E., won the Worplesdon Open Scratch mixed foursomes by beating Miss Jean Hamilton and Stuart Forsyth on the thirty-fifth green. In the issue of the Bystander of October 23rd I wrote how often substitutes brought into sides at the last moment cover themselves with glory, and I had not long to wait for another example. Miss Cradock-Hartopp was to have played with the West of England champion, J. J. F. Pennink, and when she heard that he could not play, she had to fall back, like many girls before her, on her brother. J. E. Cradock-Hartopp, in his first English Championship at Hollinwell this year, got into the semi-final, and although he is not such an immaculate and steady player as Pennink, he is certainly a stronger and more powerful golfer, and consequently the type of player likely to be of more assistance to his sister in a foursome. Miss Cradock-Hartopp has had a most successful season in foursome play; assisted on occasions by the youngest magistrate (female), she has won the Bystander Scottish ladies' foursomes, the Midland ladies' foursomes, and reached the final of the Northern ladies' foursomes at Ganton.

Miss Hamilton is one of the leading lady golfers, and captained the Surrey team which won the County Championship at Seacroft last year. One could not help feeling sorry for Stuart Forsyth, who is old enough to be the father of the other finalists and who had fought his way into the final of this tournament for the second time. Forsyth is an extremely good foursome partner; his short, quick swing never seems to get out of gear, and he plays the run-up shot, which he has learnt on the magnificent golfing country in the neighbourhood of Gullane, to perfection.

J. E. Cradock-Hartopp, at the beginning of the final, got an attack of the dithers on the greens and missed at least three putts which, in the ordinary way, he would have holed as he is a very good and reliable putter, as you would expect from a man who has been coached in this most important department of the game by his local vicar, an ex-president of the English Golf Union. Cradock-Hartopp recovered his putting in the afternoon and holed a most important putt quickly and confidently on the thirteenth green to prevent his side being a hole down. The two ladies putted like angels all day, and looked considerably more like them than the majority of lady golfers.

The dominating factor in this match was what Miss Helme describes by the very unladylike word of "guts" of Miss Cradock-Hartopp. Miss Hamilton's side got a great start as, with 3, 4, 4, it won the first three holes and went on with a 3 and a 4, figures which Forsyth, playing his own ball, could only improve on very slightly. Miss Hamilton holed a long putt at the first and Cradock-Hartopp missed a short one at the second. Miss Cradock-Hartopp first showed her pluck at the fourth, where she had to hole a putt of nearly six feet to prevent her side being four down; she holed it without any fuss, and stopped the rot. The sixth hole had a very important bearing on the final result; after Cradock-Hartopp had missed from about two yards, Miss Hamilton, from just inside him, also failed to hole, and a golden opportunity was lost. Four down is a very heavy millstone to carry, even in a thirty-six-holes match. Having missed this putt Miss Hamilton, as so often happens, missed her next tee shot and lost the hole, but she made amends at the ninth by holing from about 12 yards for a three, to make her side three up again; her side was out in 35 strokes, which is only one stroke more than faultless golf.

At the short tenth Forsyth hit a lovely tee shot which, from the tee, appeared to be dead. When I saw this shot I could not help thinking of the final of 1926. In that final, which went to the last green, at this same hole Major C. O. Hezlet played a very similar shot to Forsyth's, and in reply Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume, although she has always been a very plucky player and fighter, wilted under the strain and her ball went into the middle of the pond. I wondered if Miss Cradock-Hartopp would follow the example of her illustrious predecessor. I was not in doubt for long as she played a magnificent shot, which finished about three yards to the right of the hole, and was actually inside Forsyth's.

The Cradock-Hartopps came home in 36, with a seven at the eighteenth, which is really wonderful golf; they had a four at the eleventh (520 yards) and twos at the thirteenth and sixteenth holes; they won five holes, and lost one (the fourteenth) by taking three putts. The eighteenth hole was full of incident; Miss Cradock-Hartopp drove out of bounds; Forsyth, obviously saying to himself "Anywhere not out of bounds and we must win this hole," played too safe to the right and finished in the trees, Miss Hamilton dug him out and he then sliced to glory, the ball finishing in a ditch on the edge of the fifth tee; from here, after picking out and losing a shot, they went over the green, and finally left Miss Cradock-Hartopp with two for the hole from about three yards. She, very wisely, had no intention of sending a man to do a boy's job, trickled her ball to the edge of the hole and gave her side the lead for the first time. The scores for the first round were 74 and 75, which, with a seven and an eight, is most certainly very good golf, especially for a final, when nerves usually play a big part.

In the afternoon the golf was not so good, but so many courageous recovery shots were played that it was even more interesting to watch than the morning play. History very nearly repeated itself at the eleventh hole, where, after her brother had bunkered his tee shot, Miss Cradock-Hartopp holed a very doubtful putt to prevent a half in seven. Last year the finalists halved this hole in seven both in the morning and afternoon. The match was all square on the fifteenth tee, when Miss Hamilton drove out of bounds and lost the hole. The end came at the seventeenth, where Miss Hamilton pulled her tee shot into the trees, and Miss Cradock-Hartopp, when it appeared that any sort of reasonably good shot would give her side victory, elected to produce a super-shot which left her brother a short putt for a three, which he was not even required to play.

The Worplesdon foursomes are generally considered the last tournament of real importance in the golfing year, but there is another competition, which takes place after this tournament, usually at the end of October or beginning of November, namely, the Branksome Challenge Cup. This meeting is always a very popular and enjoyable one, one reason being that, as at the Bystander meeting, all the competitors stay in the same hotel, and consequently conversation in the evening is easy: the majority of players saying to those who are saying the same thing and not listening, either how well they have played or how unlucky they have been. The Branksome Challenge Cup this year was won by Chris Buckley (Blackwell G.C.), who returned cards of 74 and 74 for a total of 148. Chris Buckley, who used to play football for Aston Villa, is probably the best footballer-golfer, although there are now many ex-first-class footballers, who play nearly first-class golf. Commander E. H. Raymond, who, as he is employed by a firm which manufactures golf balls, is most unjustly not allowed to play in certain amateur competitions, was second with scores of 76 and 77. Besides the chief prize there are also numerous handicap prizes, so that even if you are not a golfer of handicap of about scratch, you have a chance of collecting some pot or what not. One winner this year was successful with the liberal allowance of twenty-two strokes.

Branksome Challenge Cup Day at Parkstone

C. S. Buckley, the winner, and Capt. A. C. Waite. The competition was played over thirty-six holes

A. Nelson Allen, the winner of the special prize, with Commander Raymond, the runner-up

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Before the days of the New Tailoring it was not possible for a discriminating man to buy ready tailored evening clothes. To-day there is a growing demand for first class evening clothes that have been tailored in advance so that the well-dressed man who is also a busy man can get what he wants without risk and without delay.

An evening dress coat costs seven guineas; a dinner jacket four and a half guineas; dress trousers forty-five shillings; a black waistcoat thirty shillings; white waistcoats, in eight different styles, from ten shillings and sixpence to a guinea.

151 FITTINGS AND VARIATIONS IN THE NEW TAILORING

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P. 895A

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

Parliamentary Pilots

By Charles Ward

Flying Candidates

THERE are a fair number of Members of both Houses who fly regularly, and, given reasonably good weather, there will be some air activity to and from the constituencies. Winter schedules on our domestic air routes mean that there are less services, and those only by day, but for journeys to Scotland and the north of England from London the air liner saves a good deal of time over the train. Owner-pilots and candidates who retain pilots for their own machines number about a dozen, whilst there are ten or more members of the House of Lords with their own aircraft. Mr. W. Lindsay Everard was perhaps the greatest supporter of private flying in the old House—he is standing again for Melton, Leicestershire. His fleet includes a Dragon "Rapide," and he has the finest private aerodrome in the country, adjacent to his house at Ratcliffe. Sir Philip Sassoon, who was Under-Secretary of State for Air, flies regularly between Lympne and Hendon. His constituency and one of his residences are near the former, and Hendon, of course, is the nearest aerodrome to London. Captain Guest is fighting at Plymouth again. The municipal aerodrome is quite near the city, and Plymouth, in spite of some fine trains, is much closer to London by air if departures are made at this end from Heston. Lord Clydesdale flies regularly to and from Scotland, and other pilot-candidates include Lord Apsley, standing for Bristol; Lieut.-Colonel Hamilton Gault, for Taunton; and Mr. Robert Perkins, for Gloucester.

Mrs. Norman Holden, the Hon. Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, and Captain Guy du Boulay before departing for Selsey. He is an expert pilot and is in charge of the information bureau for the National League of Airmen

The Party Season

AT Brooklands there was the customary firework party last night, and although we go to press too soon to describe the merry-making, it is merely intelligent anticipation to say that a good time was had by all. Whether it is an organised affair or an impromptu rag, anything and everything goes with a swing at Brooklands. The party spirit, distilled under the expert supervision of H. Duncan Davis, has that pleasant effect of making the drive home so easy and the next morning so agreeable. Last night's invitations were worded "wet or fine," and the guests offered cocktails or fireworks or both. Hanworth also had a big bang last night, with a bonfire thrown in and an informal dance to follow. Guests were offered facilities for burning their enemies, political or social, and it is understood that several such guys were to be consigned to the flames. On Friday next, November 8th, the Norfolk and Norwich Club holds its annual ball at Samson and Hercules House, which is in Norwich. The Yorkshire Club's affair is on November 29th at the Majestic, Harrogate; the Hampshire Club's annual dinner and dance at the South-Western, Southampton,

(*Continued on page* vi)

Party Frocks for Little Folk

As new and clever in design as their grown-up counterparts, these two appealing little frocks will more than hold their own at the most exciting parties this winter

(*Left*). *Swiss embroidered net is mounted over taffeta and trimmed with narrow taffeta rouleaux. In sky, pink or pale green. Size* 18 *ins.* **33/9**

Rising 2/- *per size to* 26 *ins.*

(*Right*). *Fancy muslin daintily embroidered with tiny floral sprays and mounted over crisp organdie. Sky or Pink. Size* 18 *ins.* **35/9**

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PLAYER'S PLEASE
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Parliamentary Pilots

(*Continued from page* iv)

on December 6th; and the London Club's ball at the Park Lane as usual on December 20th.. At dates in between the various jollifications there are lectures for the serious-minded.

The Phœnix Bird

THIS wily bird of mythology burnt itself to death in order to rise from its own ashes with renewed youth. In the metaphorical sense, the Heston Aircraft Company has burnt a good many of the small-cabin aircraft produced to date, and from their ashes has designed and built the "Phœnix," which incorporates their best features, with several innovations to be expected in a new lease of life. In the first place it is a five-seater, cruising at 125 miles an hour, using a 200-h.p. Gipsy, which means about 30 h.p. per passenger at the declared cruising speed. It lands with full load at 55, and has a ceiling of 14,000 feet for normal journeys. The cabin is particularly roomy and there is plenty of space for luggage. The view is perfect, the monoplane wing being mounted high on the cabin, so that passengers can take an intelligent interest in the countryside or whatever catches the eye down below. Nobody quite knows why it is so quiet inside, but the fact remains that the "Phœnix" comes out of the decibel test with the best marks of any small-cabin job on the market. Much of its excellent performance is due to careful streamlining and to the ingenious retractile under-carriage, which fits into the thickness of a stub wing that provides a lower support for the "N" struts to the main 'plane. At a price slightly less than £2000, it is excellent value. Very quiet, economical to operate, fast enough to be interesting on long journeys, slow enough in landing to instil confidence in an amateur, and as comfortable as the best saloon car.

Notes from the Tarmac

THERE is still plenty of activity at the flying clubs, in spite of high winds, low clouds, fog, rain, and all the other enemies of easy progression by air. Mr. de Pury, a brother of Miss Jeanne de Casalis, has gone solo at Lympne, and she should have reached "A" licence stage by now. The Earl of Macduff, who is at the Small Arms School at Hythe, is a possible recruit for the Cinque Ports Club. He has taken a trial lesson, which is the flying equivalent of a demonstration of something that catches your eye but you are uncertain whether to buy or not. Most people who can afford the air are infected after their first flight, and cannot rest until the bug is under their own control. Brig.-General A. C. Lewin and his wife are en route to Kenya. He has a Miles "Hawk Major," and has flown regularly between Kenya and Heston for some years. Another "Hawk" is under way to Johannesburg, flown by Mr. E. A. McPhee, who happens to live in Johannesburg. There are so many people not professionally interested in flying who emplane for such long journeys that it seems the air way is getting more popular as it becomes simpler and safer.

Lord Lloyd, complete with Sidcot suit and ready for any weather, at Heston. He is one of the many distinguished pupils of the Airwork School who have become first-class amateur pilots

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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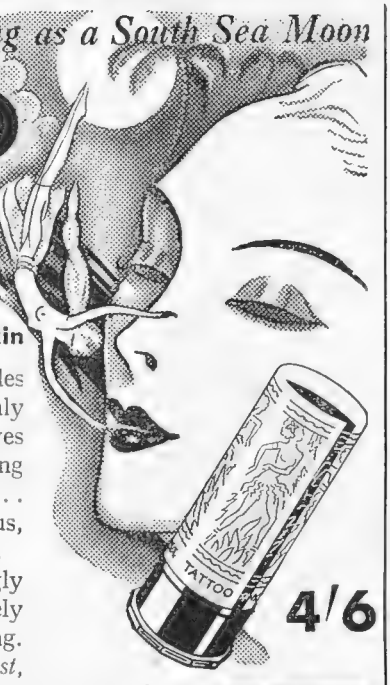

4/6

Select your proper colour by an actual test on your own skin

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- **No. 1** has an exciting orangish pink tint. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "**CORAL**"
- **No. 2** is our choice of them all. An exotic, new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "**EXOTIC.**"
- **No. 3** is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood colour that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "**NATURAL.**"
- **No. 4** is the type that changes colour when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm colour that is truly amazing. It is called "**PASTEL.**"

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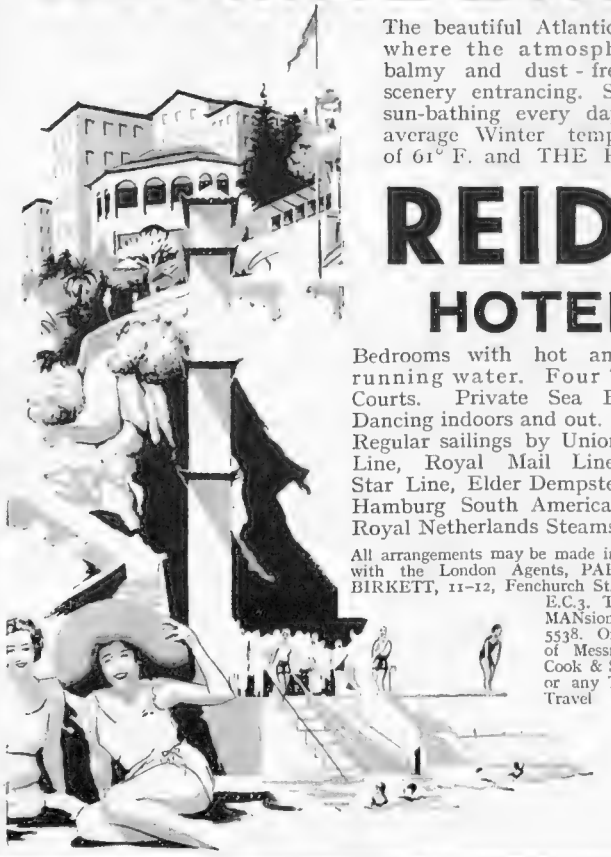

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ROYAL WEDDING NUMBER ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

November 9th

TWO PORTRAITS OF THE BRIDAL PAIR from special sittings granted by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester and Lady Alice Scott to Frank O. Salisbury, LL.D., R.P.S.

PAGES IN COLOUR dealing with the life of His Royal Highness and Lady Alice Scott. SPECIAL COVER designed by SMITHSON BROADHEAD (the artist of the wonderful "Illustrated London News" Jubilee Covers).

As this number will be published at the regular price of one shilling, readers, and especially those who live overseas, are advised to order their copies NOW from any newsagent or bookstall, or from our publishing office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. This is necessary to avoid disappointment, as the demand will certainly exceed the supply, very large as that supply will be.

A Trend in New Accessories

Decorative Bags

Now that the autumn season is in full swing, the question of accessories for the new evening gowns becomes of vital interest to the intelligent woman who knows that the loveliest dress will fail of its full effect if its wearer has been careless in her choice of jewellery, bag, stockings, or gloves. A glance at the illustration will show that a visit to Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, will ensure that the finishing touches to the evening ensemble are as perfect as the most critical eye could desire. Many of the dresses show a Renaissance richness of colour and material that demands a like splendour in accompanying accessories; a demand which is admirably met in the white satin bag photographed. It is lavishly embroidered with gold and silver thread, and studded with simuli rubies. Simplicity of shape, and gorgeous colouring combine to make a bag of unusual beauty.

Embroidered with Sequins

There will be many who will wish to own the black satin pochette pictured. It is decorated with silver sequins in the form of buttons, but if flowers are preferred a similar model is available with white camellias instead of sequins. It would give an extremely decorative finish to any black evening ensemble. That Debenham and Freebody's collection of jewellery contains some really exquisite creations is demonstrated by the diamond paste chain and pendant, shown to their best advantage by the background of black velvet. The back of the chain can be detached to form a separate bracelet if desired. The other bracelet photographed on the wrist is enriched with diamond paste. Composed of very beautiful stones, it could never fail to add charm to any wrist, while the combination of gilt and marquisite that goes to make the third bracelet is equally successful.

Marquisite Brooches

Those who are interested in brooches and clips will find much to study at Debenham and Freebody. There is something quite new to be seen in their selection of chased silver marquisite clips and brooches. Photographed is a diamond paste brooch which, by the quality of its stones, no less than by the originality of its design, will draw to itself many admirers.

Roundabout (*Concluded from page 246*)

the draught through the fire was creating a white-hot blast. He picked up the oil-can and put it down again. No time for oil. He stoked again grimly; the fire was fairly eating the coal now; and the music wanted changing. Another ruddy tune about Love. Never mind. . . . He slapped it on, picked up a piece of coal, and hurled it at a gilt herald boy's trumpet—scoring a direct hit. For years he had controlled a desire to knock a trumpet off one of those tin boys. Now he had done it, and the thing had gone and a discordant note resulted. So he flung another lump of coal, and knocked off the second trumpet. Two discordant notes now made havoc with the melody.

He opened the throttle a little more. The framework and platform vibrated with the extra effort of the Marquis. But still there was more to come! Infinite resources of power stored in that glaring white furnace and the furiously chattering Marquis. How the piston was working! He had never seen it move at such a rate. He shovelled in more coal. Round and round went the horses and the animals—the jade, and the old toff and his wife, the farmer's boy and his girl, and the shop assistants and commercial travellers from who-knows-where.

They were looking at him now. Enough to make 'em, the speed he was giving them. Probably thought they 'd had enough for their tuppence. Well, that was where they made a mistake. This wasn't a tuppenny ride. This was a whole blooming quid's-worth. They were on these until that girl was sick, and the sicker she was the better. That 'd teach 'er to go cavorting with monkey-faced Pete. He tugged the throttle open wide. . . .

Faster and faster galloped the horses, and the whole zoological outfit they chased and were chased by. Squeaking and groaning and rattling, up and down they hurdled. Ellen Fisby-Smith looked white. She hung on with one hand, and pressed a handkerchief to her mouth with the other.

"Stop it! Stop it!" roared Major Fisby-Smith, with a bellow that would have reached across any parade ground—but the wind of their passage blew the words out of his mouth. He knew now why Ellen held that handkerchief. He felt the same himself. Vaguely he saw a ring of faces forming a white blur around them. An old white-haired man was jumping up and down, and obviously hurling imprecations at somebody. A little while ago he had felt that way himself, but now he was only concerned with holding on to himself. He had eaten too much grouse—dammit—and drunk too much port—and why, oh why had Ellen brought him on this thing . . . and why didn't it stop? It had been going for over half an hour. The meeting was on. . . . He swore softly.

The brown-faced collector of tuppences was stealing past him . . . and still round and round they went. And the music went on ceaselessly.

Somebody had jumped off, and landed in the middle of a hoop-la stall, and now the crowd was gathered round the overturned stall. . . .

Nicholas Nye, stoking furiously, became aware of two things simultaneously. Coal was running low, and Pete was crouching on the near side, yelling at him. Nick grimaced—a cracked, mirthful grimace, which he accompanied by the same derisive gesture Pete had used.

Pete might be nimble, but he would never dare to jump in at that speed.

He was wrong.

Pete jumped.

A lot of things happened on the instant. Pete's jump was well timed. He was not going to risk landing on the Marquis of Granby; the little wooden platform was too small, and the risk of being dragged underneath was great. But he wanted to be a hero to his new girl, and old Pa Kingcup was shouting to him to stop it.

Pete's jump took him into the middle of the organ, and from there he bounded on to Nick's shoulders and flattened him, face downwards, in a puddle of oil. The organ simultaneously crashed out every note in its octaves and finished on two basses and a shrill treble. The noise baffled description, and even Pa Kingcup, used as he was to all manner of noises, ceased jumping up and down and put his hands over his ears.

The weight of Pete's jump overturned the platform, disengaged the gears, and with a grating, crashing noise and a series of fierce jerks the whirling cavalcade came to rest, while the whistle blew off steam with a prolonged "Hoo-o-o-o-o-o."

Pete picked himself up from Nicholas Nye's recumbent body, and vaulted over to where the girl sat waiting on her camel. He was just going to say something to her, when a blast of invective was poured at him from the irate and red-faced gentleman behind. Pa Kingcup came up, and the Major, drawing another deep breath, turned to him. . . . Pa Kingcup did not wait. He was looking for Nicholas Nye. Nicholas, picking himself up, heard the girl say to Pete:

"What a pity it broke down—I was so enjoying it!"

And then the storm broke over him.

THE END

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• GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Winifreda Coldman

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Coldman, of Northmount, Whetstone; she is engaged to Richard Tattersall Musgrave Wilkinson, of Crimbles Court, Scalby, Scarborough, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. H. S. Wilkinson

Right: Harold Herbert Jordain Hobday, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.I., and Eleanor Beatrice Linton Thorp, the only daughter of Mr. Linton Thorp, K.C., and Mrs. Linton Thorp, of Wisby, Chalfont St. Giles, whose engagement was announced recently

Engaged

Bassano

Mary Lydall

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Lydall, of The Mount, Brightling, Sussex; she is engaged to Lieutenant Malcolm S. L. Burnett, R.N., the second son of Mr. and Mrs. John George Burnett, of Powis, Aberdeen

Stuart Hamilton

Pamela Stirling

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Stirling, of Always, Stoke Poges, and has announced her engagement to Philip Oppenheimer, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Oppenheimer, of 25, Hereford House, Park Lane, W.1

Cassels — Kirk

Archibald James Halkett Cassels, the Seaforth Highlanders, the only son of General Sir Robert Cassels and Lady Cassels, and Joyce Kirk, the elder daughter of the late Brigadier-General Henry Buchanan Kirk, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and of Mrs. G. A. McL. Sceales, of Cliffs End Hall, Thanet, were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Yvonne Gregory

Meg Watson-Bullock

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ll. C. Watson-Bullock, of Colchester, and she is engaged to John Crosbie Ward, of the South Wales Borderers, the only son of the late Mr. E. Crosbie Ward, and of Mrs. Crosbie Ward, of Belfield, Camberley

Stuart Hamilton

Eileen Clark

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Clark, of Queen Anne's Mansions, S.W.1; she is engaged to Douglas Hugh McDonald, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Angus McDonald, of Delhi, India

Lenare

Freda Du Boulay

Is the younger daughter of Sir James and Lady Houssemayne Du Boulay, of Oxenbourne House, East Meon, Petersfield, and is to marry Sub-Lieutenant E. S. Carver, R.N., the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Carver, of Willow Close, Aldeburgh, Suffolk

Bassano

Ann Sitwell

Is the only daughter of Brig.-General W. H. Sitwell, and of Mrs. Sitwell, of Barmoor Castle, Lowick, Northumberland; she is engaged to Christopher Hartley, the only son of Brig.-General Sir Harold Hartley, and Lady Hartley of Bosslane, Hughenden, Bucks

Battersby — Dottridge

Geoffrey Battersby, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Battersby, and Barbara Dottridge, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Roland Dottridge, of Woodways, Hadley Wood, were married at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street

Below: Ralph Henry Lawson, the son of Sir Henry and Lady Lawson, of Brough Hall, Catterick, and Lilyan Mary Chaytor, the daughter of the late Sir Edmund Chaytor, of Witton Castle, Co. Durham, and of Mrs. Burton-Fiske, of 140, Park Lane, W.1, were married at St Cuthbert's Church, Crook, Co. Durham

Lawson — Chaytor

Synnott — Hillary

Lieutenant Jasper Synnott, R.N., the son of the late Mr. Nicholas Synnott, and of Mrs. Synnott, of Furness, Co. Kildare, and Florence Hillary, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hillary, of Montreal, Canada, were married at the Oratory Brompton

Gaskell — Hamilton

Left: Peter Upton Gaskell, the son of Capt. John Upton Gaskell, of Ingersly Hall, Cheshire, and of Mrs. A. I. Matheson, of 37, Eyre Court, St. John's Wood, and Gillian Hamilton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Hamilton, of 56, Curzon Street, W.1, were married at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street

Right: Frederick Arthur Kemmis Betty, only son of Vice-Admiral A. Kemmis Betty, and Mrs. Kemmis Betty, of Framfield, Seaford, Sussex, and Margaret Myrtle Wingate Morris, the elder daughter of the late Mr. W. G. Wingate Morris, and Mrs. Wingate Morris, were married at St. James's Church, Spanish Place

Kemmis Betty — Wingate Morris

Blackwell — Noble

George Wilson Blackwell, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blackwell, formerly of Sparlands, Southport, Lancs, and Patricia Annette Noble, the daughter of Major and Mrs. B. W. Noble, of Bickley, Kent, were married at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge

Emery — Jeffreys

Graham Emery and Jestyn Jeffreys were married at All Souls' Church, Langham Place. The bride has held the Welsh Golf Championship three times, and represented Great Britain against France in 1934

Spencer-Nairn — Devitt

Michael Alastair Spencer-Nairn, the second son of Major Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, Bt., and Lady Spencer-Nairn, and Ursula Helen Devitt, the twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howson F. Devitt, of Longspring Wood, Sevenoaks, were married at St. George's Church, Hanover Square

Thorburn-Brown — Simpson

Adam Thorburn-Brown, the son of the late Mr. A. Thorburn-Brown, and of Mrs. Thorburn-Brown, of Torquhan, Stow, Midlothian, and Elizabeth Lightly Simpson, the only daughter of Mr. Lightly Simpson, C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Lightly Simpson, of Havana, were married at All Souls' Church, Langham Place

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 6—November 12

THE THEATRE

Plays

THE BLACK EYE.—There's more fun than philosophy in this, thanks to the dialogue, Jean Cadell and Ralph Roberts; Stephen Haggard acts well as the young hero: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A BUTTERFLY ON THE WHEEL.—Greer Garson makes an excellent "butterfly," and Franklyn Dyall is the prosecutor in this Divorce Court play revived: Playhouse, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Royalty, 8.40. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

COINCIDENCE.—Ena Burrill starring in Byers Robertson's new play, supported by Jack Hawkins, Antoinette Cellier, and Barry K. Barnes: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

THE HANGMAN.—Gloomy symbolism from Scandinavia; with Frank Vosper in an almost non-speaking part: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—An excellent, active production; Cecil Trouncer is Cæsar, Ion Swinley Antony, Leo Genn Brutus: Old Vic, 8 (except Monday). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Carol Coombe is still the delightful heroine of this theatrical gem from China, with Clifford Bartlett as the hero: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Franck's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—Exquisite acting by Peggy Ashcroft as Juliet, Laurence Olivier is a controversial Romeo, John Gielgud is Mercutio, and produced the play: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SHORT STORY.—Robert Morley's first play stars Marie Tempest, Sybil Thorndike, and A. E. Matthews: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOWERS OF THE HILLS.—Adapted from the French, and with D. A. Clarke-Smith and Sara Allgood in the cast, it deals movingly with peasant life: Westminster, 8.45. Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard is still a big draw as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast, headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris, Celia Johnson, and Mackenzie Ward still play their parts in this unendingly popular play: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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ANYTHING GOES.—Diana Ward makes an appealing heroine, Sydney Howard is incomparably funny as the villain of this excellently (Cole Porter) musical comedy: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DON'T SPARE THE HORSES.—Comedy song-and-dance show; with Jim Gerald, Elena Lenska, and Rex Evans: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girl's-school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man, and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 67.—Edna Thompson and Doris Barry are soubrettes, Hugh Rene is funny, Eric Barker and Tony Sympson contribute to the entertainment: Windmill, 1.20-11.30 non-stop.

"RIVALS!"—This musical version of Sheridan's play is witty and the tunes are good; Bruce Carfax, Frederick Ranalow, Elsie French are in it: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SEEING STARS.—New musical comedy, with Riviera atmosphere and a big company, including Leslie Henson, Florence Desmond, and Louise Brown: Gaiety, 8.15.

STOP . . . GO!—Charlot's new lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best dips: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

DISTINGUISHED GATHERING.—A murder drama by James Parish, with Barbara Couper, Winifred Evans, Bernard Lee, Ronald Ward: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ESPIONAGE.—Spy-thrills on the Orient Express; Frank Cellier and J. H. Roberts add their quota to the fun; Marion Lorne makes twittering comedy: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well—there's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.—A full-blooded Restoration comedy of bad manners; Athene Seyler, Roy Byford, and Baliol Holloway are chief laughter-makers: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neill are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: now transferred to St. James's.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

TREAD SOFTLY.—Ronald Squire and Yvonne Arnaud team up again in a play by Peter Traill: Daly's, November 7th.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's comedy has a "to work or not to work" theme, with Harold Warrender, Jessica Tandy, and Morris Harvey topping the cast: Whitehall, November 8th.

CINEMAS

ALICE ADAMS.—Katharine Hepburn doing her stuff in the screen version of Booth Tarkington's Pulitzer Prize Novel: Plaza.

BARBARY COAST.—A gold-rush romantic thriller by MacArthur and Hecht, starring Miriam Hopkins, Edward G. Robinson, Joel McCrea: London Pavilion.

CURLY TOP.—Another Shirley Temple picture, with John Boles and Rochelle Hudson: Tivoli.

THE DARK ANGEL.—Good acting by Merle Oberon, Fredric March, and Herbert Marshall in a sentimental story: Leicester Square Theatre.

EPISODE.—A post-war Vienna setting, with Paula Wessely as the art-student heroine (this performance won her the Volpi Cup): Academy.

ESCAPADE.—The Hollywood version of *Maskerade* has a new and fascinating star—Luise Rainer; William Powell is her partner: Empire.

FIRST A GIRL.—Jessie Matthews in her first film since *Evergreen*; Sonnie Hale, Griffith Jones, Anna Lee and Alfred Drayton lend good support: New Gallery.

"GINGER."—A new child star in the boisterous person of Jane Withers plays lead in a pleasant, unsophisticated film. Also THE NITWITS: Capitol.

HEART'S DESIRE.—Richard Tauber is a Viennese waiter in this, but he sings—and has three girl friends, Leonora Corbett, Diana Napier, Kathleen Kelly: Regal. To follow: I HAD A HEART, with Gitta Alpar as the Dubarry.

LAST LOVE.—A Viennese tragedy with music and a Japanese leading lady in Michiko Meinl: Curzon.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—The Reinhardt production is at last to be seen, and it's not what it was expected to be: Adelphi, 2.30, 8.30.

STORM OVER ASIA.—Pudovkin's film starts a season of memorable Soviet pictures: Forum, Villiers Street.

TOP HAT.—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers have a new dance; the music is Irving Berlin's; and the show is better than ever: Carlton.

ON WINGS OF SONG.—Grace Moore in great voice in a very musical musical, with Leo Carrillo and Michael Bartlett: Marble Arch Pavilion.

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LA TRAVIATA: November 9th, 8.

(*Continued on page* F)

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What's On

(Continued from page D)

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS.—THE VIC-WELLS COMPANY includes Ninette de Valois, Pearl Argyle, Ursula Moreton, Elizabeth Miller, Margot Fonteyn, Beatrice Appleyard, Frederick Ashton, Robert Helpmann, Harold Turner.

DOUANES, BLUE BIRD, FAÇADE, CASSE NOISETTE: November 8th, 8.

RENDEZVOUS, RIO GRANDE, HAUNTED BALLROOM: November 12th, 8.30.

CONCERTS

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Hamilton Harty conducts Strauss's *Don Juan*, Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 1 (Josef Hofman), and William Walton's First Symphony (first complete performance): Queen's Hall, to-night, 8.30.

R.P.S.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O.; programme includes Sibelius's Sixth Symphony, Schönberg's 'Cello Concerto (Emanuel Feuermann), and Dvorak's Fourth Symphony: Queen's Hall, November 7th, 8.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Malcolm Sargent conducts the L.P.O. in Brahms' "Festival" Overture, Tovey's 'Cello Concerto (Casals), and Sibelius's First Symphony: Queen's Hall, November 11th and 12th, 8.15.

Recitals

SYBIL CRAWLEY.—Song recital: Aeolian Hall, November 7th, 8.30.

MARGERIE FEW.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, November 7th, 8.30.

HUBERMAN.—Violin sonata recital: Queen's Hall, November 8th, 8.30.

EGON PETRI.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, November 8th, 8.30.

RUBINSTEIN.—His only recital this season includes first English performance of Shostakovitch's 13 Preludes: Wigmore Hall, November 9th, 3.15.

EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF OIL PAINTERS: 195, Piccadilly.

SUNDAY TIMES BOOK EXHIBITION: Dorland Hall, Regent Street, to November 18th.

BRITISH HANDICRAFT EXHIBITION AND SALE: Sunderland House, Curzon Street, November 4th-9th.

WAR-DISABLED MEN'S EXHIBITION AND SALE.—The place to do early Christmas shopping: Imperial Institute, South Kensington, from November 8th.

DANCING AND DINING

CARLTON.—The new cabaret is in full swing; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The new Follies show is excellently gay; Jack Jackson's band plays: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—Another new floor show, "Tyrol on Parade," has opened here; Syd Lipton provides dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band (Brian Lawrence's), and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

MAY FAIR.—The transformed "Jardin Fleuri" restaurant, plus cabaret, is now open; Harry Roy plays for dancing.

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ODDENINO'S.—Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant; beer and Bohemianism in the famous brasserie.

PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Walsh and Barker are here again; Van Straten's band plays; evening dress is optional "downstairs": extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Café Chantant is restored to its original home; Joe Kayne's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—There 's no cabaret, but Mantovani's band is excellent; one must dress to dance: extension, Wednesday.

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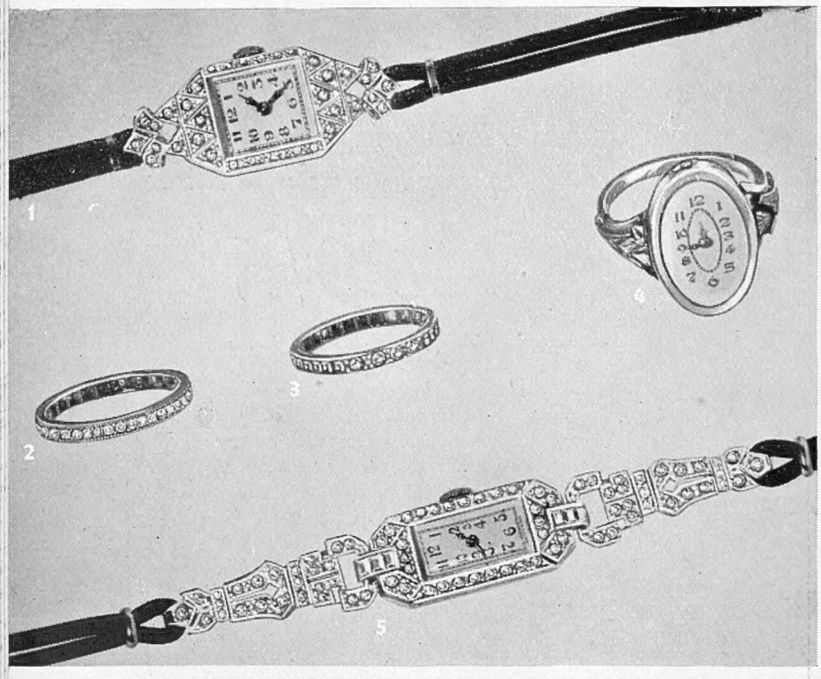

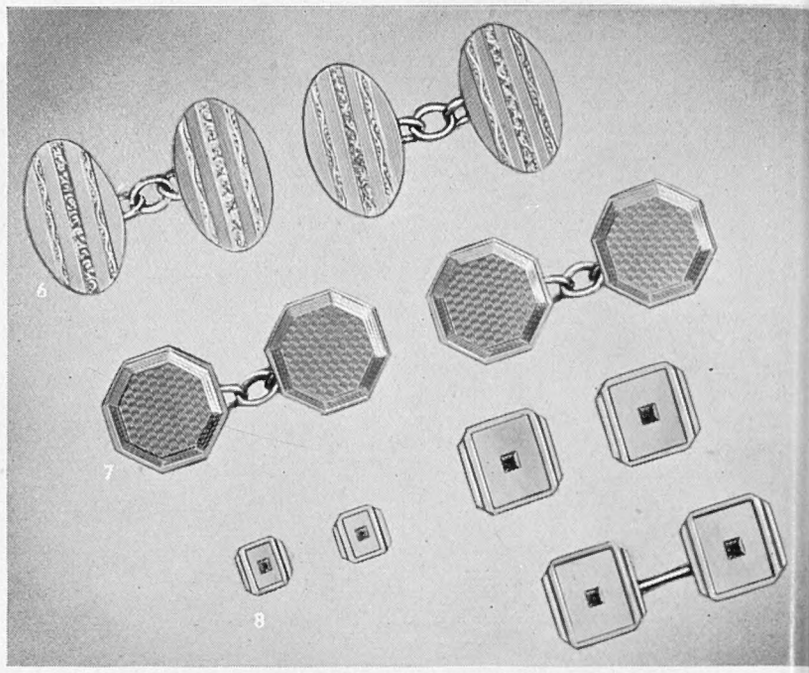

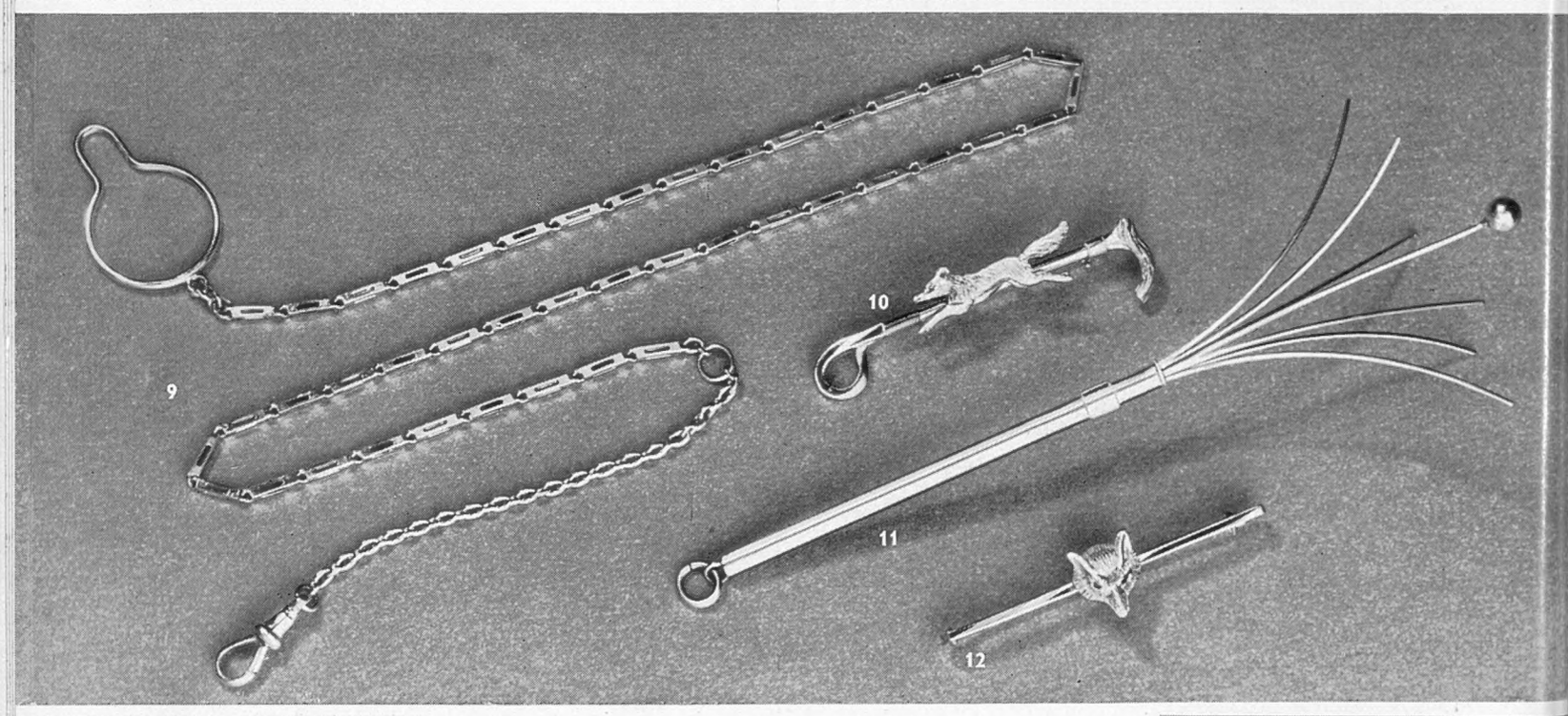

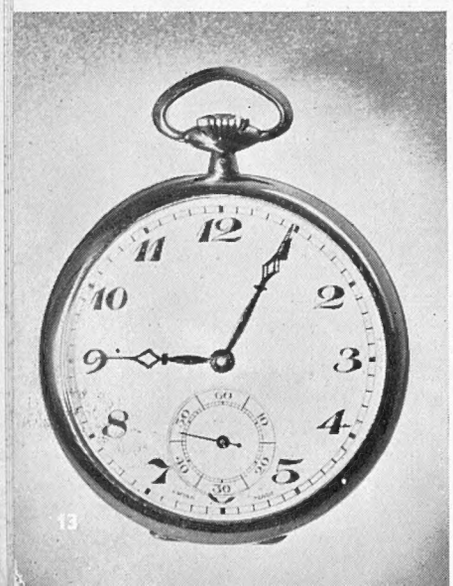

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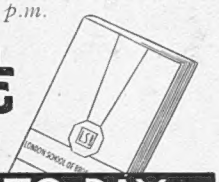

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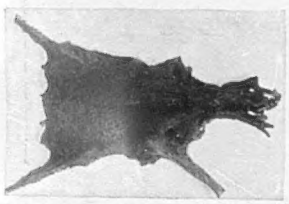

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